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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Bachelor Philosophy.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

"Ay! 'tis man's best philosophy! when woman proves untrue.
The loss of one should only teach to make another do."

HOLMES.

"These gentlemen accept all the pleasures of society, and support none of its expenses. They dine out, and are not bound to give dinners in return. Instead of taking a box by the year, they buy an admission for life; their carriage only holds two, and they are never obliged to sit down with a dowager. Weddings, christenings, fetes—nothing comes amiss to them. They are never called papa; they are not regularly assailed with milliners', staymakers', and jewellers' bills. We never see them suing themselves in suits for conjugal rights; to them '*La Belle Mere*' is destitute of point, and they yawn at *La femme jalouse*.' They are never godfathers for reciprocity; they sleep in peace during the best part of the morning;—leave balls when they like; and—*invest money in the funds!*"—*Quarterly Review.*

I'm fairly bored to death, to hear and read
In trashy novels and degenerate plays,
Of true-love crossed—hearts broken—stuff indeed
May well a man of common sense amaze
To break one's heart!—the thing is most absurd,
It never hath been done by mortal man,
And as to woman—take for it my word,—
Not only never hath, but never can!
Such silly nonsense is but fit for fools,
Or (quite the same,) for girls at boarding-schools!

A 'broken heart!'—Ay! that's, methinks, the word,
And yet 'tis strange—'tis 'passing strange' to me,
That any thing, of which so much is heard,
And read and spoken, we should never see,
At least, I'm sure *I* never yet saw one—
Though candor does require me to confess
I needs believe that Sackville's famous son
Reports one, doubtless an authentic case;
But he in his own folly met his fate,
Striving to lift too ponderous a weight!

Yet, I will frankly own, there was a time—
Though I'm ashamed the folly to acknowledge,
However, it was long before my prime,
It being in my youthful days at college;—
I then but verged upon discretion's brink,
And hence perhaps was not so much to blame;—
Time *was* though, I was fool enough to think
Love was not all a fiction—a mere name!—
That vows there were, *might* constancy betoken,
And some few fond hearts, might perhaps, be broken

Since then, however, I've had leisure given—
Long years of thought—deep, sad and melancholy,
In which, to reconcile myself with Heaven,
And to repent my most egregious folly,
In dreaming of the possibility
In such an all-perfidious world as this,
Of honest love, or perfect constancy,
Or truth in fickle woman's treacherous kiss
(On this last score I haven't much to grieve
In fact, 'tis what I never did believe:)

I am not a misanthropist, I'm sure,
I can admire fair Nature, and I do,
I love the bright, the beautiful, the pure,
And childhood innocent, and manhood true
And I admire a pretty woman's face—
I might indeed declare, I think 'tis all
She has to recommend her!—let that pass—
Over her frailties let the curtain fall;)
But I was never one of those weak things
Who think her "all an angel—save the wings!"

But yet a something there might be, I thought,
In man's fond love, and woman's faithfulness
In truth, and constancy, and—God knows what,
I've found their words of empty show and dress
I even dreamed that I were broken-hearted,
Should *she*—my heart's betrothed, e'er prove untrue;
Well! she did so—as easily we parted,
As she would cast aside a worn-out shoe;
A little touched my heart might be, but then
It very soon grew light and whole again.

And now I've learned to think with Doctor Holmes—
Who is *en passant*, a most glorious fellow;)
He's but a fool who at the falsehood foams
Of any one that ever trod prunella!
Reader! the wisest thing that you can do—
(I've tried the plan, and know that it will answer,)
Whene'er one lovely woman proves untrue,
Is—just look out another, soon as you can, sir;
Although, for my part, when one proved untrue,
For her, I now make twenty dozen do!

For now, I take things easy—rove about,
And love each pretty woman that I meet
Devotedly—until I find her out
To be (as are they all,) but fair deceit
Yet when I find her so, I do not grieve,
'Tis but what I expect—so without pother,
Reproaches, or the like, I take my leave,
And cruise around until I meet another
That strikes my fancy;—she's not hard to find
In my contented, present state of mind

I own it once no easy matter seemed,
But that was at an early time of life,
The when—a silly, crack-brained youth, I dreamed
I dreamed of love and moonshine—marriage and a wife
Thank Heaven, that snare's escaped! and now it is
A most indifferent, trifling sort of matter,
To find a dozen pretty girls—to kiss,
Flirt with, make love to, dance and smile and chatter;
Although my eyes I have to keep wide open,
That none to matrimony me may rope in!

But still a most delightful thing I find
This sipping sweets from each enchanting flower,
Yet free to wander on, and leave behind
Untasted, all its bitter and its sour
And when some flow'ret fades, whose lovely form,
If all mine own, 'twould kill me to resign,
I turn to others, still with beauty warm,
And thank kind Heaven the treasure was n mine!
Let Benedicts, then, boast of child and wife,
Be mine the Bachelor's free and merry life!

Cincinnati, Oh.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Rover.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," &c. &c.

"A man that apprehends death to be no more dreadful but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come." *Measure for Measure.*

The convent-bells are ringing,
But mournfully and slow;
In the gray square turret swinging,
With a dull sound to and fro.
Heavily to the heart they go!
Hark! the hymn is singing—
The song for the dead below,
Or the living, who shortly shall go!

Byron.

The first rays of the morning sun were just beginning to streak the eastern seaboard, and the breeze came fresher and more inspiring across the waters as if rejoicing in the coming day, when a low rakish looking schooner, whose dark hull was unrelieved even by a streak of white, was seen opening around the headland of San Pietro. As she came into sight, on the eastern side of the promontary, the slant rays of the rising sun fell full upon her outline, bringing every spar and rope out into bold relief, and revealing a beauty of proportion in her hull and rig such as was rarely beheld, especially in the distant Pacific. Her long jaunty hull, her tall tapering masts, her exquisitely arranged hamper, and the lofty pyramid of canvass [illegible] away into the sky as she bore up on her course, were all calculated to arrest the eye even of an unskilled landsman. Nor would his curiosity be lessened by the seemingly profound silence on her decks. The quiet and desertion of the dead appeared to reign over the approaching craft. No flag fluttered from her gaff; no one except the helmsman appeared upon the decks, and only a solitary seaman beside, was seen hanging listlessly over the fore-topsail-yard, as if engaged in some repair. Even when she had weathered the headland, and wore around on the other tack, her sails appeared to be handled as if by magic. No men were detected on her decks; but her canvass was seen to shake an instant in the breeze, and then filling on the opposite tack, the schooner laid her course across the blue Pacific, throwing the water high over the forecastle, and leaving a long and glittering wake behind her.

But had you mounted the deck of that little craft you would have seen that she was any thing but deserted. Sheltered from sight by her bulwarks, and clustering down the fore-hatchway in crowded groups, might be seen scores of dark ruffian-looking desperadoes, habited in every costume of civilized society, and all armed to the teeth. On her white holy stoned decks were more than one brass cannon. Muskets were ranged around the masts in imposing array. Every thing in short betokened that the schooner's trade was war, and war of the most deadly character, because piratical.

But it is to the cabin of the schooner—a small, low, but exquisitely furnished apartment—we would introduce the reader; and the object to which we would direct attention was the figure of a girl, just budding into womanhood, lying, or rather kneeling on the locker, apparently absorbed in grief. Her dark glossy hair was unbound, and fell over a neck and bosom of driven snow, while the long silken lashes, now wet with tears, drooped heavily over her cheek of transparent whiteness. Her dress was careless and disordered, but costly and splendid. The extremity of mortal agony was written on her face. Her hands were clasped before her as if in supplication; and her dark swimming eyes, although occasionally straying to the door as if to detect the entrance of some dreaded visitor, were raised in prayer to heaven. Now and then her lips parted, and the broken petitions which fell sobbing from her, betrayed not only the sincerity of her prayer, but the unrivalled sweetness of her voice. Suddenly she started half upright, and a deadly paleness overspread her face, while she gazed with a wild dilated eye, as if fascinated by some evil power, on the form of a man, who, at that moment, entered the cabin. The intruder was one who could not be seen without feeling that he was an extraordinary being. It was not in his dress that this superiority was distinguishable, for he was attired in the usual costume of the day. But in his tall symmetrical figure, as if made to command; in the broad forehead which looked as if it might rule an empire; and in the dark passionate eye, gleaming out beneath the overhanging brow, and seeming to cast defiance at a world,—you beheld the secret of the awe which his presence always inspired. But now his usual stern expression of countenance was mingled with another, half supplicating, half libertine, an expression which made the maiden shudder as at a serpent, and well accounted for her blanched cheek, her gasping breath, and her horror-struck eye. She gazed on him a moment fearfully, and then buried her face hurriedly in her robe.

"Senora," said the visiter, and then, as if abashed by the presence of that unprotected girl, he was silent.

The maiden answered not, nor moved. With her face still shrouded in her robe and averted from the speaker, she cowered on the locker, her whole frame trembling like an aspen.

"Senora," said the intruder in a soft, entreating tone.

"What would ye have of me?" said the maiden, with a sudden energy, raising her head up, and gazing at the intruder proudly with her dark lustrous eyes.

"I come," said the Rover—for such he was—"to renew again, sweet one, my protestations of affection; to offer you my heart, my all. I am not wholly what I seem. No grandee in all Spain, could, or can, boast a purer blood than myself, and though I am now a free Rover of the seas, is it not better to live a king over a gallant craft like this, than to crouch at the knee of, and suffer wrong uncomplaining from, a dotard old man whom nations call a monarch? Yes! I scorn the slavery, even though our chains are gold. I love you, maiden, I have loved you long. Be mine, and every wish of yours, however impossible to gratify it may seem to others, shall be granted. Be mine, sweet one," and he advanced towards the maiden, and would have taken her hand. But she sprang indignantly back.

"Off, off, base miscreant," said the girl, "would ye tear me from my home, and then insult me with your love?" and her eyes flashed fire as she spoke. The lip of the Rover quivered an instant with anger, but with a strong effort he controlled his passion, and said,

"You speak hardly of me, lady, but such is the privilege of your sex. You know me not, or you would judge me less harshly. You forget it was the very intensity of my love which induced me to adopt these measures to win you. We mariners," he added, affecting a gayer tone, "have a way of our own in wooing, and if perhaps there is apparent roughness in it, our love is not, therefore, the less ardent. Believe me, from the first hour when I saw you, a year ago, at San Pietro, I have loved you as I never loved woman before. You resisted my advances, but my passion only increased. Again and again I sought to win your love, but at every successive attempt I was repulsed. What had I to do? Must I sit down, and, like a beardless boy, give over all hope? No—never let that be said of Diego de Santiago! I renounced rank and wealth and what the world calls honor, but which *men* call slavery, sooner than cringe before a tyrant, and must I renounce the hope of winning you at a less peril? I chose the part of a soldier—if you will have it—of a free Rover of the seas, and bore you off. What may seem harsh in my conduct, let the warmth of my love excuse. Be mine, dearest," he said in the tone rather of a suppliant than of a conqueror, "and Queen shall not live more sumptuously than thou. We will sweep the seas in our gay bark, or seek some ever verdant island, where we may spend our lives in bliss, such as the solemn canters of civilized society never knew. Say but the word, and be mine, and even the church shall be invoked if you so wish it, to sanction our union."

Hitherto the Rover had spoken without interruption, pouring forth his passion with a rapidity and eagerness that took away from his listener the power of speech; but at length, indignation seemed to overcome every other feeling on the part of the maiden, and raising her arm as if to repel the speaker, she said,

"No more, lawless man—I spurn, despise, spit upon you. You have me in your power—alas!" and she clasped her hands with a look of utter despair—"but never shall I consent to the degradation of being yours."

"Ha!" hissed the pirate, his face becoming livid with rage, and his whole demeanor instantaneously changing, "do you dare to bandy words like these with me! Then by St. Jerome!—you shall know that it is easier to chafe than to pacify the lion.—Mine you are, and mine you shall be. I swear it by all that is holy in heaven and outcast in hell. Yes! proud as you now are, the time shall come when you will beg as a boon what you now spurn. Those lips of yours, mistress fair, are wondrous sweet to utter such biting words," and, with a sneering smile, he advanced towards the girl.

Pale as death, yet firm as a statue, stood the forsaken maiden, awaiting his approach. Her bosom heaved with agitation, and her eye, flashing intensely bright, was fixed on the Rover; but before he had advanced more than a step towards her, she plucked a dagger from her bosom, and holding it clenched in her right hand said,

"Come nigher but one step and I plunge this in my heart."

The tone, the look, the gesture,—all spoke the determined soul of the speaker; and awed by her heroic demeanor, the Rover paused and gazed admiringly on her.

"By the holy saints you queen it well—you should have been a princess. I love you the more for this spirit. Once more, Senora, listen to and accept me: if you refuse, I swear by everything sacred you shall still be mine."

"Monster, I scorn, I defy you," said the indignant girl, "never shall I submit to dishonor, so long as this steel can give me a refuge in death. Advance but one step and I strike."

The Rover hesitated. The proud form of the maiden seeming to dilate as she spoke;—her flashing eye, determined look, and upraised hand; and the consciousness that she could effect her purpose in defiance of him, if he advanced, induced the Rover for a moment to pause. Nothing could be lost, at any rate, he thought, by temporizing. An instant they stood mutually regarding each other, but the eye of the girl quailed not beneath his own. What might have been the result we cannot tell, but while the Rover and his prisoner stood gazing at each other as if spell-bound by a basilisk, a sudden hurrying was heard on deck, a gun boomed sullenly over the waters, and more than one voice loudly summoned the pirate by name. Hastily turning on the maiden, he lifted the curtain behind him, and in a moment had disappeared. No sooner had his form vanished, than his victim, losing the energy she had, throughout the interview, displayed, sank down as if overcome by her position, on the locker, and burying her face again in her robe, sobbed aloud. She felt she had obtained only a momentary respite, and that nothing was before her but dishonor or death.

When the Rover reached the deck of his vessel, his first glance was directed intuitively toward the the coast, which they were now rapidly leaving; and no sooner had his eyes rested on the headland which they had passed but an hour or so before, than he saw a schooner, almost within long cannon shot, and evidently in chase. She was a long narrow sharp clipper-built craft, bending beneath an enormous press of canvass, and apparently capable of vieing in velocity even with the pirate's vessel. It needed no second look to perceive that her decks were crowded with men. Now and then from a gun, mounted amidships, she would send a ball whizzing after the Rover, and again, for many minutes, she would hold on her course without firing a shot. As she bowed beneath the freshening gale, sending the spray flying far over her forecastle, she presented a sight so beautiful, that even the Rover could not withhold a word of momentary admiration. His brow, however, soon grew clouded, as he beheld the gain she was making on his vessel, and raising his voice, after a hasty survey of the horizon, and then at the hamper of his craft, he shouted

"Lay aloft, there, fore-top-men—away all—loose and sheet home!"

The men sprung to their stations, and, in obedience to their leader's rapid orders, the canvass of the Rover was soon nearly doubled, and with his masts bending over like whip-stalks to the horizon, and the spray flying in showers from beneath his stem, the pirate's vessel dashed off, like a courser when he feels the spur. But a moment passed, however, before the pursuer was seen throwing out all his light sails, and, with redoubled speed, pressing after the chase.

"By Santiago!" muttered the Rover, betwixt his teeth, "they gain on us despite all we can do. Ay! and I see through it all. This clipper is the vessel of that young officer to whom my prize was betrothed; for nothing but love could induce the madcap to crack on sail as he is doing. Holy Father! how his sticks curve under the gale. But he has not caught us yet. Ho!" he shouted, "some of you go aloft—and let buckets be whipped up, to wet down the sails. One thing," he continued, resuming his soliloquy, "at least, I can make certain; that he shall never again behold his bride. I will fly him if I can, for there is no booty in case of victory; but if he outsails me, I will fight—and God assoilzie him if he crosses the Rover's path in battle."

As he ceased, this strange man paused in his hurried walk to and fro on the quarter-deck, and casting another uneasy glance at the pursuing vessel, he exclaimed, "Ah! we hold our own now—keep wetting down the sails—that's it, merrily, merrily."

While these events were passing on board the Rover's vessel, the greatest anxiety was displayed among his pursurers to overtake and bring him to combat. For years he had been the scourge of the southern seas, robbing ships, plundering towns, carrying off prisoners for ransom, and practising enormities which made even the infant turn pale at the mention of his name. None knew from whence he came, though it was said he was a noble, outlawed for some crime. His course was as rapid as his purposes were deadly. To-day he would be heard of plundering a vessel hundreds of leagues away, and to-morrow he would appear before the astonished town and lay a contribution on its inhabitants. Possessed of a fast sailing craft, and boasting a crew as reckless as they were brave, there was no deed, from the commission of which, he seemed to shrink,—and his attacks were generally so sudden that the small and almost defenceless towns along the coast had no opportunity to organize a resistance before he would be in their midst. Thus for more than three years had he carried terror and desolation in his path.

At length, however, a young officer, of noble blood, from the mother country, was specially commissioned by the Viceroy to undertake his subjugation, and for that purpose orders were issued from the treasury for the construction of a fast sailing schooner, of the model which the Rover was said to have chosen for his own craft. The young Don Emanuel Hispano, her future commander, was entrusted with the direction of this work, and the result was the launch and the outfit of the royal vessel about a fortnight prior to the opening of our story.

It was while on a visit to the inland capital of the little port of San Pietro, that the young officer had beheld in a church, for the first time, the beautiful Donna Isabella Manecho. Like Petrarch he was from that instant her slave. He did not rest until he had obtained an introduction to the beautiful heiress,—and before many months had elapsed it was confidently whispered that Donna Isabella was to be his bride. How was he astounded by the intelligence received by him, within a few hours after the catastrophe, that the Rover had made a descent on the coast, within a few leagues of the place where Don Diego lay with his new craft, and carried off Donna Isabella, from her father's country residence. Never did man act with more energy than Don Emanuel when he received the intelligence of the Donna's capture from her almost heart-broken parent. The insult offered to the royal flag, by the perpetration of so gross an outrage almost, as it were, within hail of a government vessel, would have fired the young officer with a thirst for revenge, even if he had not been goaded almost to madness by his knowledge of the ruthlessness of the hands into which the Donna Isabella had passed. Within an hour, therefore, after receiving the intelligence of the outrage, the royal schooner had slipped her cable, and was standing out to sea under a press of sail. Happily the Rover had been ignorant of the proximity of Don Emanuel, and, in laying his course, he approached so near to the young officer's position, that it was not long before the royal vessel detected her adversary in the offing. Every exertion was made to come up to the foe, and with what success we have already seen.

Meanwhile the chase was becoming deeply interesting. The two vessels had by this time drawn well out from the land, and as no sail was in sight there was no possibility of interference by friend or foe. Every exertion was made by the one party to keep ahead, and by the other to overhaul its opponent. Although at first and while close in to the shore, the pursuer had seemed to have the advantage, yet, when further out at sea, her superiority, whether from the subsidence of the wind or from some other cause, was less evident. Now fortune seemed to favor one, and now to smile upon the other. Occasionally the pursuer would draw ahead until able to throw her metal into the chase, when she would generally fall off and the Rover recover his advantage. A practised eye would have been puzzled to tell, after an hour's pursuit, whether the royal, or the piratical vessel was likely to gain her purpose.

"Oh! for but a half an hour alongside that craven villain," ejaculated Don Emanuel passionately, as he walked his quarter deck eagerly gazing after the chase, and anon pausing to order the sails to be wet down again, "oh! for half an hour, hand to hand, with the Rover himself! I vow a golden candlestick to our lady of Loretto, if we but overtake him in time."

"Our metal can touch him now, I think," interposed the second in command, an old weather-beaten sea-dog, whose age was a warrant for any suggestion he might make, "and if we could but wing him, he would be ours."

"You speak truth, Anselmo," said his superior, "ho! there, cut me away yon craven's top-sail"—he continued, addressing the gunner, "fail not—steady, steady."

With unusual care the gun was pointed, the bearded tar glanced his eye knowingly along the piece, the match was applied, out streamed the sheet of fire, and, while the smoke puffed up to windward, and then floated back in broken wreaths, the ball might be seen whizzing on its way, and passing a fathom or more above the truck of the Rover.

"Too high—too high—lower it a little, and you have them," eagerly said the young commander, "there—but I will right the gun myself—a little less elevated—now we have it—and God speed the ball."

They watched the progress of the iron missive breathlessly, and a shout of applause burst simultaneously from all, as the ball struck the topmast just above the cap. Down came the stick, bearing with it yard, hamper and sail, and dragging them a wreck over the side. A dozen hands could be seen springing up the rigging to remedy the disaster. But the damage was done: the Rover fell off at once from his course.

"We have him—we have him," exultingly shouted the young lover, "to our lady be all the praise—keep her up—ah! we gain on her, we overhaul her; do my eyes deceive me that she is coming down on us?"

"It is even so," coolly said his lieutenant, "they have plucked up courage enough to fight."

"And bitterly will they rue it, for victory must be ours. Yes!" said he, enthusiastically, "they have scourged these seas long enough, and we must either conquer them or die sword in hand. Isabel! Isabel!" he added, with a passionate burst of tenderness, "thou shalt yet be saved, or"—and he paused, and then added solemnly, "or—bitterly avenged."

It was a gallant sight to see these two vessels, each bravely apportioned, and each bearing defiance on their front, approach each other. No sooner had the Rover put his helm up and wore, crossing his after yards, and running up his blood-red flag, than his pursuer ceased firing, and silently bore up toward him. For more than a quarter of an hour an almost profound stillness reigned along the decks of the royal schooner. The men were already at their quarters, each armed to the teeth, the deck was sanded, and the shot brought to the guns, while the powder boys stood by ready to pass up the ammunition at a moment's warning; and thus, ready and eager for the contest, the gallant crew of the young officer, grimly waited for the approach of the foe. Whatever might have been their demeanor during the comparatively less exciting moments of the chase, their feelings were now wrought up to a pitch too great for words. Silently, sternly, bodingly, they gazed at the approaching ship, or if they spoke, it was only to mutter a curse on the pirates. Many had suffered directly or indirectly by the acts of the Rover, all had sympathised with his victims and burned to avenge them; and now, when they saw him before them, and when besides they knew that their lot must be victory or death, the intensity of their feelings may well be imagined. Their flashing eyes, their angry brows, and their compressed lips told, by signs, more eloquent than words, the unalterable nature of their hate.

Meanwhile the rival vessels were approaching, and were now almost within pistol-shot of each other. The crew of the Rover could be seen thronging like bees at their stations. The moment for action had come.

"Now," sternly whispered the young officer to his lieutenant, "let each man mark well his aim—all depends on the first broadside—now, *fire!*"

They needed no second word. From man to man and from gun to gun, the impassioned order flew, and seeming to catch the enthusiasm of their leader, the crew poured in their fire with a celerity and deadliness which defies description. For one instant the side of the schooner was a blaze of fire, she reeled back as if a hurricane had struck her abeam, and a dense cloud of thick white smoke, enveloping her as in a shroud, shut out every thing from the sight. Then followed the crash of spars, the splintering of wood, the shrieks of the wounded, and all the horrible din which ensues on a well directed broadside delivered at the cannon's mouth. Well had that tempest of balls sped home. But it was not to pass without being revenged; for, even while the crackling of the falling spars still rung in the ears of the listeners, the broadside of the Rover was delivered, and the fiery storm burst over the decks of the royalists, ripping open their bulwarks, dismounting their cannon, and scattering around the dead, the mangled and the dying. By this time Don Emanuel had reached the stern of the Rover. Hastily casting his eye aloft, he perceived that his rigging was but little injured—the broadside of the foe having told chiefly in the hull and on the decks. It was but the work of an instant to perceive his advantage. The other broadside was still undelivered. The helm was jammed to port. The gallant schooner wore on the instant, and passing down the side of the pirate, delivered her broadside with murderous effect, the guns of the royal man-of-war almost touching the sides of the foe. The next instant the Rover replied with equal fury, but, owing to the disorder occasioned by the fire of Don Emanuel, with far less precision. Again and again the eager young officer, cheering his men on in person, poured in his broadside on the pirate; and again and again the Rover, maddened to desperation at so unusual a resistance, answered back. Never did heaven look down on a more terrific combat. Shrouded in a thick canopy of smoke, from which the flame of the guns incessantly burst like lightning, the contending men-of-war presented a scene the most awful human imagination can conceive. For fifteen minutes it seemed as if there was no cessation on either side. The roar of the guns, the crackling timbers, the splash of falling spars, and the agonizing cries of the wounded, rising up, at times, over even the tumult of the battle, continued without intermission; while the scuppers of both the Rover and his foe ran with blood, and more than half of their numbers lay bleeding or dead upon the deck.

During the whole of this appalling conflict Don Emanuel had been well nigh wild with fears for the safety of Isabel. He knew she was on board the Rover's vessel, and he feared lest every ball would carry her death with it. He had made the most desperate efforts to grapple his foe, and by boarding the Rover to decide the contest hand to hand; but the two vessels having fallen apart, and being almost unmanageable after the first two broadsides, he found it, for a long time, impossible. His feelings of deep agony,—of deep intense agony—during this interval baffle description. He could not stop the combat, yet by continuing it he might be the murderer of his betrothed; and oh! what would be victory, what would life itself be to him, if Isabel should thus perish? At length, however, the two vessels rolled again toward each other, and seizing the opportunity the grappling irons were cast and caught. With what a thrill of joy did Don Emanuel behold the two vessels afoul.

"Boarders ahoy!" he shouted, with a voice almost superhuman in its loudness, "muster on the forecastle."

There was a cheer of answering obedience, a quick trampling of feet, and then fifty dark forms were clustered around their leader in the fore-rigging.

"Follow me!" he thundered, on the instant. "Ho! for God and the right—follow me," and leaping madly on the Rover's deck, the brave seamen pressing in the rear, the young lover, burst like an uncaged lion on the foe. So sudden had been the whole affair, that the enemy had hardly time to muster a dozen men to oppose the ingress of the assailants, before Don Emanuel and his followers had gained a footing on the pirate's decks. Then, however, the foe, in countless numbers, rushed on the gallant leader and his crew. From every gun, and post, and look-out, the bearded pirates swarmed forth, brandishing their weapons aloft, and glaring with the fury of despair. On—on—on they pressed,—and gallantly and stoutly were they met. Blade to blade, and breast to breast, the combatants fought, often griping each other, and falling to the deck together, in their eagerness to terminate the conflict. Blood flowed like water. Pistols exploded when pressed against the very breasts of those at whom they were fired; cutlasses were shortened, in order to be driven home to the vitals of the opponent, who was wreathed around you and bearing you down. It was no time even for curses. The struggle was too close, fierce, and breathless. At length the assailants gave way. But it was only for an instant. Believing their foe in full retreat, the pirates rushed headlong on, and when broken and disordered, were met again by the unquailing assailants, and the fight was renewed with, if possible, more fury than before. The consequences of the rashness of the pirates were soon evident. A portion of their number was completely hemmed in by the enemy, and cut off to a man; while Don Emanuel, shouting to his crew to follow him, dashed aft. Flushed with success, his brave followers charged like an avalanche—a fruitless stand was for a moment made by the freebooters, and then giving way, they retreated sullenly toward the stern.

"On—on—we have them now," shouted Don Emanuel, "scourge the murderers from the deck—on."

"Ay! come on," hissed a passionate voice from the pirates, and there was something of a sneer in his tone as the speaker continued "stand back all, and let me deal with this hot-headed boy."

The instant obedience which was yielded to this command, convinced Don Emanuel that he stood in the presence of the dreaded Rover himself. His cheek burned at the insult conveyed in the sneer and words of his enemy; but, eager as he was to wipe it out with that foe's blood, there was something in the Rover which induced the lover for an instant to pause. Both parties, by this time, had instinctively ceased fighting to gaze on the personal combat of their leaders. And for a moment the two captains—the one young and slight, the other athletic and lofty—stood looking mutely at each other; and each, as he gazed, and saw the fearless eye and determined port of his antagonist, felt that intuitive respect for each other which brave men are always willing to yield even to their enemy. That pause, however, was but momentary. With something of a sneer still, although in a far less taunting tone, the Rover said,

"Well met, young springold, are you ready?"

"Ay—death to the foe of God and man," said Don Emanuel betwixt his teeth, and making a lunge at his opponent as he spoke. Quick as lightning, however, was the parry of the Rover. Never perhaps were two combatants better matched, for although the pirate was the more cool, the skill and agility of Don Emanuel put the life of the Rover in momentary peril. For several minutes the lookers on gazed breathlessly on the combat, as it progressed, but though the steel-blades flashed incessantly neither leader appeared to have the advantage. At length, however, Don Emanuel made a lunge which broke in the Rover's guard, wounding him severely in the left arm. Stung to madness the pirate rushed desperately onward—there was a sharp quick rattling of the blades—Don Emanuel was seen to give way a step—suddenly he advanced boldly, and triumphantly on his antagonist—and then his foot slipped, the sword of the Rover entered his antagonist's side, and the young lover fell heavily on the deck. A wild shout burst from the pirates, and was answered by a yell from their assailants, as the followers of the fallen chief, inflamed to double fury by his loss, sprang on their foes.

"Vengeance!" thundered the voice of the faithful Anselmo, "hew the murderer to the chine," and, on the instant, a score of cutlasses flashed around the Rover's head. His own men rallied as quickly about him, and the melee became general—vengeance spurring on the royalists, and despair nerving the pirate's arms. Wild, and terrific was the contest, but it was also short. Nothing could resist Anselmo's charge. Like a whirlwind let loose from the mountains burst his little band upon their foes, sweeping everything before them and prostrating it in the dust. Down went the freebooters like grain smitten with a hail-storm—down went their officers in vain attempting to rally them to renew the combat. And onward, over the dead and dying, pressed the avenging royalists, until Anselmo, cutting his way through that wall of human beings stood face to face with the Rover. They crossed swords on the instant, and for the space of a second the issue of the combat hung in the balance. Then victory declared for Anselmo. The Rover, already weakened by the loss of blood, and hotly pressed by the infuriated lieutenant, made a false pass and received the sword of his opponent in his side.

"Huzza!—the day is won," shouted Anselmo, waving his bloody blade on high, "hew them down—no quarter to the wretches."

Panic-struck at the fall of their leader, the pirates gave way on every hand, and were soon driven from the decks, some leaping overboard, some seeking refuge down the hatchways, and many of them falling victims to the insatiate swords of the foe. It was but a few minutes before all was over. The charge, the combat, and the flight passed like a dream. They chased the last fugitive overboard, and then while the deck rang with shouts of victory, Anselmo, followed by a dozen trusty blades, dashed down the companion way to search for Isabel.

Who shall describe the feelings of the unprotected girl, during the long hours which elapsed, between her interview with the Rover, and the present moment? After recovering from the burst of despair which followed her defiance of her lawless captor, her curiosity naturally became excited to learn what emergency summoned him on deck, but for a long time nothing occurred to explain the mystery, and, as the moments elapsed, she began to fear anew the return of the Rover. At length, however—and oh! how her heart leaped at the sound—she heard again the booming of cannon across the waters. Could it be that they were pursued! She flung herself on her knees, and prayed it might be so. Suddenly the glad sounds ceased. She listened, but all was still. Her heart beat, in an agony of apprehension lest her hope should prove fallacious. Minutes elapsed, and yet the sounds were not repeated. All on deck, too, was now silent. She essayed to gaze out the cabin windows, but alas! no sail was in sight. Once more she surrendered herself to despair, gazing now and then tremblingly toward the cabin door, as if she dreaded the return of her captor. Thus passed a half an hour. At the end of that time the roar of a cannon was heard again, and apparently close aboard. She almost gasped for breath during the interval which elapsed between the report of the gun and that of its successor. At length it came, and instantaneously she heard a crash on deck, and a running to and fro, as if something had been cut away. Tears of joy and thankfulness gushed into her eyes, and falling on her knees she poured out her gratitude to heaven. She was still engaged thus, when a deafening roar, as if a volcano had exploded at the vessel's side, burst on her ear with such intensity, that she started affrighted to her feet. It was followed by the creaking of timbers, the din of combat, and a second explosion as terrific from the deck overheard. Yet, in that hour, extreme as was her peril, she thought not of herself, but prostrated before heaven, besought for success to the arms of him,—the idol of her young pure heart—whom she felt sure was the assailant of her captor. And as the battle deepened, and the crash of falling spars came to her ears, mingled with the thunder of the cannonade, her fears for the safety of that beloved one became almost overpowering. What if he should be conquered by the Rover! The thought was too terrible to be entertained, and she shut her eyes convulsively as if to keep out the dreadful idea. Meanwhile the contest raged fiercer than ever, and by the cessation of the cannonade, and the wild struggle overhead, she deemed that the pirate had been boarded, and that a few moments would decide the fates of her lover and herself. Language cannot picture the agony of that suspense. Her face became pale as ashes—her limbs trembled convulsively—and her heart, as it were, ceased to beat. Suddenly she heard a shout; her heated imagination fancied that it proclaimed the triumph of the Rover, and grasping her dagger firmly, as she heard steps descending the companion way, she awaited, as she thought, her death. There was an agonizing instant of suspense and, then the door was burst in and Anselmo stood before her.

"Victory—victory," shouted the excited lieutenant, "we come to save you. The pirate is down—you are safe."

The maiden gazed wildly at them a moment, and missing her lover's presence almost doubted but what it was a snare to throw her off her guard; but the absence of her captor, and above all the eagerness with which Anselmo spoke, convinced her that he came not to deceive her, and clasping her hands, she turned her face heavenward in thanksgiving, and essayed to speak. But her overstrained mind could hold out no longer. The excitement of the last hour had been almost overpowering; and now the revulsion proved too much for her. Her brain reeled, her sight grew dim, everything spun around her, and, with a vain effort to rally her reeling faculties, she sank fainting to the floor.

It was the ninth day after the battle, when, in a lofty and splendid chamber, looking out toward the sea and commanding a view of two schooners anchored in the offing, sat a young girl of surpassing beauty, leaning over the couch of a wounded sleeper, on whose troubled brow fell, thick and fast, the tears of the beautiful watcher. A surgeon stood a little distance off, anxiously gazing on the face of the sick man. At length the sleeper moved as if about to awake. It was the signal for the physician to approach him. He gazed a few minutes on the wounded man, when the eyes of the surgeon lightened, and he whispered,

"God be praised, he will recover, see you not the moisture on his hitherto parched skin. The crisis of the fever is passed."

"Oh! is it so really! Do not—do not deceive me," said the watcher imploringly, "for the love of the holy mother of God do not lead me to entertain hopes that may in an hour or two be cast down. And yet—it is—it is—I see the moisture. Holy Mary take the thanksgivings of an almost broken heart," and the tears stood in her eyes as she sobbed out these last almost inaudible words.

Whether it was the emotion of the girl which broke the slumber of the sleeper, or whether his exhausted frame had been sufficiently invigorated by the length of his repose we know not, but at this instant the sick man, slowly opened his eyes, and turning his head slightly, and with an effort, around, gazed on the face of the watcher. In an instant the dull enquiring look gave way to one of the most vivid intelligence; and in a voice, faint with weakness, but oh! how inexpressibly joyous in its clear distinct tones, the sufferer said,

"Isabel!"

"Emanuel!—Sancta Maria he will live," sobbed the girl, as she stooped to kiss his brow, while the tears of joy fell thick and fast upon his face, and she was only restrained from rushing to his embrace by the consciousness of his weakness, and the presence of the surgeon. Her lover—for it was Don Emanuel himself—essayed to rise to return her caress, but his strength failed him and he sank back on the pillow with a sigh.

"But tell me all," he said at length, though with something of an effort, "How came I here? I remember nothing since I fell wounded, as I thought to the death, on the Rover's deck. How was it, dearest?"

"Not now," tenderly answered Isabel, "for you are too weak yet. Let us rejoice that the fever has left you. In a few days I will tell you all."

The wounded officer made several attempts to renew the subject before nightfall, but at such times Isabel would playfully put her finger to her lips as her only answer.

At length, however, the surgeon declared his patient sufficiently recovered to allow the contemplated explanation, and Isabel began. After narrating, at her lover's request, all that had occurred up to the moment of her swoon, she continued,

"Slowly and with difficulty I recovered, and for a few minutes my joy was unspeakable. But when I learned that you had been left weltering in your gore, I almost fainted a second time, but rallying myself I rushed on deck, to behold, as I thought, your lifeless body. It was half-buried in the heaps of slain, yet I saw at once that life was not wholly extinct. Your pulse, indeed, could scarcely be felt to beat, yet a feather held before your nostrils swayed to and fro, and gave us hope. Need I say more? Your wounds were dressed, and when we landed you were brought at once to my father's villa—and though a fever set in, and you became delirious so that we well nigh lost all hope of you, yet it pleased God to answer our prayers and you recovered."

"And it was to your watching," and he kissed her delicate fair hand as he spoke, "then I am indebted for it. But what became of the Rover?"

"He died the very evening after the fight," interposed the surgeon. "From the first, there was no hope. He seemed little disposed to live. He watched us gloomily as we bandaged his wounds, and smiling now and then grimly as if he knew our skill would be of no avail. He died as he lived, a stern, lawless, godless man—he died, and made no sign. Who he was, or whence he came no one can tell. All that throws any light on this mystery, are a few unconnected words, spoken in delirium, implying that he had once been in the proudest rank, and for some deed, become an outcast. Perhaps it was only the wanderings of a fevered brain. God knows."

And that was all that was ever learned of the mysterious being who for years spread terror and desolation along the coasts of the Pacific.

In due time Don Emanuel and Isabel were wedded, when the young officer returned to Spain, and has since resided at his ancestral home, a glorious old pile, buried in orange groves, and situated in the most fertile portion of that garden of the Peninsula, that diadem of the empire of the Moors—the beautiful, the far-famed Andalusia.

The Haunted Lake.

BY THOS. MILLER—Author of "A Day in the Woods."

There is a wood which few dare tread,
So gloomy are the aged trees;
The vaulted chambers of the dead
Scarce fill the soul with half that dread
You feel when standing under these.

Within its centre stands a lake,
Which over-hanging umbrage darkens,
No deep-voiced wind those boughs can shake,
Ruffle the water's face, or break
The stillness there, that ever hearkens

No flowers within its deep dells grow,
The bats fly over it in fear,
The antique roots above it bow,
The newt, and toad, crawl on below,
The black snake also feedeth there

Few are the spots so deathly still
So wrapt in dim, eternal gloom;
No sound—no! not a tinkling rill—
A voiceless silence seems to fill
The air around that liquid tomb

The ivy creepeth to and fro,
Along the arching boughs that meet
The fir and dark leaved misletoe
Hang o'er the holly and wild-sloe
In blackness that can ne'er retreat

For there the sunbeams never shine
That sullen lake beholds no sky,
No moonbeam drops its silvery line,
No star looks there with eye benign,
The hooting white owl hurries by

The huntsman passes on with speed,
The hounds howl low and seem to fear it,
The fox makes for the open mead,
Full in the front of man and steed,
He will not dare to shelter near it

No woodman's axe is heard to sound
Within that forest night or day,
No human footstep dents the ground,
No voice disturbs the deep profound,
No living soul dare through it stray

No shrieks are heard there in the night
And wailings of a little child,
And horrid streams of ghastly light
Have flashed upon the traveller's sight,
When passing by that forest wild

For there hath human blood been shed,
Beside the tangling bramble's brake,
And still they say the murdered dead,
Rise nightly from their watery bed,
And wander round the Haunted Lake

They say, she is a lady fair,
In silken robes superbly dress'd
With large white eyes that wildly glare,
While clotted locks of long black hair,
Fall o'er the infant at her breast

She speaks not, but her white hand rises
And to the lake with pointed finger
Beckons the step of him who gazes,
Then shrieking seeks the leafy mazes,
Leaving a lurid light to linger

But who she is no one can tell
Nor who her murderer may be—
Yet one beside that wood does dwell,
On whom suspicion lately fell
A rich unhappy lord is he

In a large hall he lives alone,
No servant with him dares to stay;
For shriek, and yell, and piercing groan,
And infant's cry, and woman's moan,
Ring through those chambers night and day

He is indeed a wretched man!
And wrings his hands, and beats his breast
His cheeks are sunken, thin and wan,
Remorse has long deep furrows ran
Across his brow—he cannot rest

He sometimes wanders round the wood,
Or stands and listens by its side,
Or seats him by a meadow flood
And tries to wash away the blood
With which his hands seem ever dyed

He speaks not unto living soul
Oh! how an infant makes him quake
For then his eye-balls wildly roll,
As though they would his thoughts control
They say he knows the Haunted Lake

Life in a Farm House.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

There is no class of men, if times are but tolerably good, that enjoy themselves so highly as farmers. They are little kings. Their concerns are not huddled into a corner, as those of town tradesman are. In town, many a man who turns thousands of pounds per week, is hemmed in close by buildings, and cuts no figure at all. A narrow shop, a contracted warehouse, without an inch of room besides to turn him, on any hand; without a yard, a stable, or outhouse of any description, perhaps hoisted aloft, up three or four pair of dirty stairs, is all the room that the wealthy tradesman can often bless himself with; and there, day after day, month after month, year after year, he is to be found, like a bat in a hole of a wall, or a toad in the heart of a stone, or of an oak tree. Spring, and summer, and autumn, go round; sunshine and flowers spread over the world; the sweetest breezes blow, the sweetest waters murmur along the vales, but they are all lost upon him; he is the doleful prisoner of Mammon, and so he lives and dies. The farmer would not take the wealth of the world on such terms. His concerns, however small, spread themselves out in a pleasant amplitude both to his eye and heart. His house stands in its own stately solitude; his offices and outhouses stand round extensively, without any stubborn and limiting contraction; his arches stretch over hill and dale; there his flocks and herds are feeding; there his laborers are toiling,—he is king and sole commander there. He lives among the purest air and the most delicious quiet. Often when I see those healthy, hardy, full-grown sons of the soil going out of town, I envy them the freshness and the repose of the spots to which they are going. Ample old-fashioned kitchens, with their chimney-corners of the true, projecting, beamed and seated construction, still remaining; blazing fires in winter, shining on suspended hams and flitches, guns supported on hooks above, dogs basking on the hearth below; cool, shady parlors in summer, with open windows, and odors from garden and shrubbery blowing in; gardens wet with purest dews, and humming at noontide with bees; and green fields and verdurous trees, or deep woodlands lying all round, where a hundred rejoicing voices of birds or other creatures are heard, and winds blow to and fro, full of health and life-enjoyment. How enviable do such places seem to the fretted spirits of towns, who are compelled not only to bear their burthen of cares, but to enter daily into the public strife against selfish evil and ever-spreading corruption. When one calls to mind the simple abundance of farm-houses, the rich cream and milk, and unadulterated butter, and bread grown upon their own lands, sweet as that which Christ broke, and blessed as he gave to his disciples; their fruits ripe and fresh plucked from the sunny wall, or the garden bed, or the pleasant old orchard; when one casts one's eye upon, or calls to one's memory the aspect of these houses, many of them so antiquely picturesque, or so bright-looking and comfortable, in deep retired valleys, by beautiful streams, or among fragrant woodlands, one cannot help saying with King James of Scotland, when he met Johnny Armstrong:—

What want these knaves that a king should have?

But they are not outward and surrounding advantages merely, which give zest to the life of the farmer. He is more proud of it, and more attached to it, than any other class of men, be they whom they may, are of theirs. The whole heart, soul, and being of the farmer are in his profession. The members of other professions and trades, however full they may be of their concerns, have their mouths tied up by the etiquette of society. A man is not allowed to talk of his trade concerns except at the risk of being laughed at, and being set down as an egotistic ignoramus. But who shall laugh at or scout the farmer for talking of his concerns? Of nothing else does he, in nine cases out of ten, think, talk or care. And though he may be called a bore by all other classes, what concerns it him? for other classes are just as great bores to him, and he seeks not their company. The farmers are a large class, and they associate and converse principally with each other. "Their talk is of bullocks," it is true, but to them it is the most interesting talk of all.—What is so delightful to them as to meet at each other's houses, to talk of markets, rents, new improvements, and the promise of crops? To walk over their lands of a Sunday afternoon together, and pronounce on the condition of growing corn, turnips, and grass; on this drainage, or that neighbor's old management; on the appearance of sheep, cattle, and horses. And this is to be excused, and in a great degree to be admired. For those are no artificial objects on which they expend their lives and souls; they are the delightful things of nature on which they operate; and nature operates with them in all their labors, and sweetens them to their spirits. This is the grand secret of their everlasting attachment to, and enjoyment of agricultural life. They work with nature, and only modulate and benefit by her functions, as she takes up, quickens, and completes the work of their hands. There is a living principle in all their labors, which distinguishes them from most other trades. The earth gives its strength to the seed they throw into it—to the cattle that walk upon it. The winds blow, the waters run for them; the very frosts and snows of winter give salutary checks to the rankness of vegetation, and lighten the soil, and destroy what is noxious for them; and every principle of animal and vegetable existence and organization co-operates to support and enrich them. There is a charm in this which must last while the spirit of man feels the stirrings of the spirit and power of God around him.

They, so vividly enjoy the common blessings of life, from their vigorous health, and unvitiated appetites, as well as from the cravings of their inner being, finding their food in the daily communion with nature, instead of that book-knowledge which is so extensively diffused through all classes of the city, and which, too commonly, while it quickens the intellect, and widens the sphere of observation, I am sorry to say, deadens the human sympathies and distorts the heart—that they make so much of their kindness appear in heaping upon you bodily comforts and refreshments as is often truly ludicrous. They would have you eat and drink for ever. One meal succeeds to another with a profusion and an importunity of hospitality that are overwhelming. They eat their bread with a sweetness and a capacity, generated by their active and laborious habits, that we, who lead more sedentary lives, and with minds and energies dissipated by a hundred objects unknown to them, have no idea of. People of all other classes place a great portion of their happiness in giving and eating great feasts; but a farmer seems to think all the good things of life are involved in feasting, and would feast you, not once a year, but every day, and all day long, if he could.

Let us just glance at the routine of one day of good fellowship, such as is seen in farm-houses where there is plenty, and yet no great pretence to gentility. We have seen many such scenes.

The farmer invites his friends to dine with him. He will have a party. Suppose it at some period of the year when he is least busy; for his engagements depending on the progress of the seasons, and his whole wealth being at the mercy of the elements, he cannot postpone his duties, but must take them as they fall out. Suppose it then just before the commencement of hay-harvest, for then he has a short pause, between the putting in of his last crop of potatoes or corn, shutting up his fields, and clearing his green-corn lands, and that moment when the first scythe enters his hay fields, when a course of arduous and anxious labors begins, that will not cease till his crops are safely housed,—hay, corn, beans, peas, and potatoes. Suppose at this pause in the growing time of summer, or after harvest, or amid the festive days of Christmas, he feels himself comparatively at leisure, in good spirits, and disposed to enjoy himself. He and his wife arrange their plans. Invitations are sent. On market-day he lays in all necessaries,—tea, coffee, prime cuts of beef and other meat, wine and spirits; sugar and spices. At home there is busy preparation. His garden is cleaned up; an operation of rare occurrence with a busy farmer, who thinks so much of his fields that he thinks but little of his garden. His stables and his rick-yard are put in order. The very manes and tails of his horses are trimmed, for all will have to pass under the critical notice of his friends, and he feels his professional character at stake. In the house there is equal activity. There is a world of cleaning and setting in order. Floors are scoured. The best carpets are put down. This room is found to want fresh staining; painting wants doing here and there, both within and without. Trees also want nailing and trimming on the walls; and it is probable there may want some spout repairing, or tiles renewing, that have often been talked of, but never could have time found for their doing. The house and all about it look fifty per cent. the better. The neatly cleaned walks and closely mown grass-plots; the brightly cleaned windows, and the scarlet curtains, and the purely white blinds seen within, give an air of completeness that is very satisfactory.

And then within begin the mighty preparations for the feast. Geese, turkeys, ducks and fowls are killed and pulled, and part are cooked, and part are made ready for cooking. If the farmer shoots, and it be the season, there are hares and rabbits, pheasants and partridges, brought to the larder; if he do not, he makes friends with the keeper, who occasionally takes a social pipe and glass with him; or he makes a direct request to his landlord for this indulgence. Hams are boiled, pies are made, puddings of the richest composition are put together. If it be Christmas, loud is the chopping of meat for minced-pies, busy the mixing of spices; and the washing and picking of currants and raisins; and pork-pies and sausages of most savoury and approved manipulation are raised into material existence.—If the sucking-pig escapes whipping—and we hope no honest farmer is now cruel enough for this operation—creams and syllabubs do not; they are whipped, not to death, but into life. There are blanc-mange and jellies, crystalline and fragrant; clouted creams, and cream of strawberries, raspberries, and I know not what melting and delicious things. And O! such cheesecakes, and such patties, and such little cakes of various names and natures, for tea, and *entremets*, and dessert. I see the oven-door open and shut, as the iron tray of nicely laden patty-pans goes into the oven, or comes out with a rich perfection, and with odors most delicious, most mouth-melting, most inexpressible!—The good and skilful dame, and the no less skilful and comely daughters, if she have them, and they are grown up to years of discretion in these delicate and culinary arts—what is not their depth of occupation. What glowing looks are theirs; what speculations; what contrivances and anticipations! I would fain take an easy chair in some cool corner of this milk-and-honey-flowing kitchen, and watch all their sweet employment, and hear all their sweet words in a grateful silence. But they are far from the end of their labors. Nuts, walnuts, apples and pears, and other fruit, according as the season may be, are produced from their stores, or from the sunny walls and trees, wiped from every trace of mould or dust from the store-room, and placed in their proper receivers of glass, or china, or possibly of plate. Wine and spirit decanters are to be washed and carefully dried, and to be charged with their bright contents. The discovery of the richest cheese in the whole cheese-room is to be made by tasting, butter is to be moulded in small cakes, and imprinted with patterns of the deepest and most elegant figure, and a thousand other things made, or done, of which the tasting were to be desired rather than the catalogue to be particularized, for, wonderful and manifold are all thy works, O thou accomplished spouse of a wealthy farmer!

What dainties has that greater oven received into its more capacious cavern. Bread of the most exquisite fineness, and pies of varied character—fruit, pork, beef-steak, and giblet—figgy-bread, and saffron-cake of transcendent brilliance and taste.

And then comes the great day! The guests are invited to dinner, but they have been enjoined to *come early*, and they come early with a vengeance. They will not come as the guests of night-loving citizens and aristocrats come, at from six to nine in the evening;—no, at ten and twelve in the morning you shall see their faces, that never yet were ashamed of day-light, and that tell of fresh air and early hours. They come rattling in sundry vehicles with their cargoes of men and women; lively salutations are exchanged; the horses are led away to the stables, and the guests into the house to doff great coats and cloaks, hats and bonnets, and sit down to luncheon. And there it is ready set out. "They'll want something after their drive," says the host. "To be sure," says the hostess; and there is plenty in truth. A boiled ham, a neat's tongue; a piece of cold beef, fowls and beef-steak pie; tarts, and bread, cheese and butter; coffee for the ladies, and fine old cider for the gentlemen.

"Now do help yourselves," exclaims the host from one end of the table, "I am sure you must be very hungry after such a ride." "I am sure you must indeed," echoes the hostess from the other, while a dozen voices cry all at once, "O, really, I don't think I can touch a bit. We got breakfast the moment before we set off," and all the time deep are the incisions made into the various viands and plentifully heaped are plates; and bright liquor is poured into glasses, and a great deal of talk of this and that, and inquiries after this and that person go on; a hearty luncheon is made, and the gentlemen are ready to set out and look about them.—They are warned by the hostess to remember that dinner will be on the table at one o'clock—"exactly at one!" and assuming hats and sticks, away they go.

While they perambulate the farm, and pass learned judgments on land, cattle, and crops; and make besides excursions into neighboring lands, to some particular experiment in management, or extraordinary production of combined art and nature, our hostess shows her female friends her dairy, her cheese-room, her poultry-yard, and discussions as scientific are going on, on the best modes of fattening calves, rearing turkey broods, and on the most approved manipulations of cheese and butter. The quantities produced from a certain number of cows are compared, and many wonders expressed that lands of apparent equality of richness should some yield little butter and much cheese, and others little cheese and much butter; facts well known to all such ladies, but not easy of explanation by heads that pretend to see further into the heart of a difficulty than they do. A walk is probably proposed and undertaken through the garden and orchard, and flowers and fruits are descanted on; and all this time in the house roasting, and boiling, and baking, are going on gloriously. Savoury steams are rolling about under the ceilings; busy damsels with faces rosier than ever, are running to and fro on the floors; stable-boys are turned into knife-cleaners, and plough-lads into peelers of potatoes and watchers of boiling pots, and turnspits.

The hour arrives; and a sound of loud voices somewhere at hand announces that our agricultural friends are returned punctually to their time, with many a joke on the fears of their ladies' tongues. Not that they seemed to want any dinner—no, they made such a luncheon; but they had such a natural fear of being scolded. Well, here they all are;—and here are the ladies all in full dress. Hands that have been handling prime stock, or rooting in the earth, or thrust into hay-ricks and corn-heaps, are washed, and down they sit to such a dinner as might satisfy a crew of shipwrecked men. There are seldom any of your "wishy-washy soups," except it be very cold weather, and seldom more than two courses; but then they *are* courses! All of the meat kind seems set on the table at once. Off go the covers, and what a perplexing but unconsumable variety! Such pieces of roast beef, veal, and lamb; such hams, and turkeys, and geese; such game, and pies of pigeons or other things equally good, with vegetables of all kinds in season—peas, potatoes, cauliflowers, kidney-beans, lettuces, and whatever the season can produce. The most potent of cider, the most crystalline and cool water, are freely supplied, and wine for those that will.—When these things have had ample respect paid to them, they vanish, and the table is covered with plum-puddings and fruit tarts, cheesecakes, syllabubs, and all the nicknackery of whipped creams and jellies that female invention can produce. And then, a dessert of equal profusion. Why should we tantalize ourselves with the vision of all those nuts, walnuts, almonds, raisins, fruits and confections! Enough that they are there; that the wine circulates—port and sherry—gooseberry and damson—malt and birch—elderflower and cowslip,—and loud is the clamor of voices male and female. If there be not quite so much refinement of tone and manner, quite so much fastidiousness of phrase and action, as in some other places, there is at least more hearty laughter, more natural jocularity, and many a

Random shot of country wit,

as Burns calls it. A vast talk there is of all the country round; every strange circumstance, every incident and change of condition, and new alliance among their mutual friends and acquaintances, pass under review. The ladies withdraw, and the gentlemen draw together. We know what subjects will interest them—farming improvements and politics—and so it goes till tea-time.

When summoned to tea, there are additional faces. The pastor and his wife, perhaps a son and daughter, or daughters, are there; and there is the clerk too,—the very model of respect and reverence towards his clerical superior. Whatever that learned authority asserts, this zealous and "dearly-beloved Moses" testifies. He calls attention to what the vicar says; he repeats with great satisfaction his sayings. There too, is the surgeon, and often the veterinary surgeon, especially as he also is often a farmer, and in intercourse with all the farmers far and near. This may seem an odd jumble of ranks, but it is no more odd than true. Who that has seen any thing of rural life has not seen odder medleys! Besides, money in all grades of society can do miracles. There are clergymen in many parishes, who maintain their own ideas of dignity, and seldom move out of the circle of squires and dames; but there are others, and in perfectly rural districts there are abundance of others, that know how to mix more freely with the yeomanry of their flocks, and lose nothing either. If they respect themselves, they insure the respect, and what is better, the attachment of their hearers.

But the vicar's presence on such a day is felt.—There is a more palpable approximation towards silence; a drawing tighter of the reins of conversational freedom. The great talkers of after-dinner, are now become great listeners, and often on such occasions I have seen a scene worthy of the sound sense of English yeomen; for the pastor addresses his observations and inquiries now to this individual, and now to that; and now converses in a tone of pleasant humor with the ladies, so that you may often hear as sober discussions on the passing topics of the day, and on the prospects of the country, and especially of that part of it to which they belong, delivered in a homely manner perhaps, but with a discrimination and practical knowledge that are

very gratifying. And on the part of the females you shall see a constancy of goodness, a purity of mind and continuity mind so tender you feel that, amen, shall your neighbour, and of self possession, that you shall involve in it all.

But there must be a chance for the young, and there are cases for the most exalted; and then again, to a negro or producer, with his hat gone, and feeling and fancy, as if it had been the sole meed rendered in the course that day. The pastor and his congregation depart the wine and festive occasion; all begin to talk of parties, and all look to pay, till it grows late; and then, as none of them, in or near to the city, can go home, you get tickets, night, through by-ways, and with roads not to be boarded of. All at once, however, up the line we go for their wives who asked and looked with imploring eyes in vain, now once themselves cloaked and instructed, and the carriages are heard with grinding wheels at the door. There is boisterous shaking of hands, a scene of merriment to come and do likewise, given to their entertainers, and they depart and away! When you see the blackness of the night, and consider that they have not sachemed good liquor, and perceive in what a rate they drive away, you expect nothing else than to hear the next day, that they have landed their vehicles to stones against most post, or precipitated them, urine into some quarry; but all is right. They best know their own capabilities, and are at home, safe and sound.

Such is a specimen of the festivities of what may be called the middle and substantial class of farmers, and the same thing holds, in degree, to the very lowest grade of them. The smallest person will bring to the feast the very best he has; he would not, with a look, be found wanting, in a leading occasion; and has with it not only his simple slice of current or rosehip wine, with an empress spirit, and a welcome that you feel to be from the heart, and a bestowal of a real pleasure to the others.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a member of the subscribers of the *Post*, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in kind.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now nearly out, and we wish to start, unincumbered by bad debts. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together and see who shall first tire in the race. We shall continue to issue a specimen number.

To Correspondents.

"R." will see his lines in next week's Post. We have amended them in one or two particulars. If he sees ours, he will yet do something. Let him be of good heart.

"Cool Bob," shall appear at an early date.

"To Mary" in an Israeli would say, "otherwise" simple. How the love-sick swain.

I will cling to thee till death,
Let this line once be dark or fair.
And so favor my lonor hasth.
I will breathe for love a prayer.

We never before knew that death and health rhymed. But verily we learn something daily. After this we can believe the author's assertion that it has verses on *impromptu*s.

The "EYE or BATTLE" is accepted. The other article to which the author alludes, viz. The Return—in time made for publication. He will best advance his interests by suppressing it.

"SAUNTER'S" title will appear shortly. Many thanks.

"ARGOUS" cannot be allowed a place in our columns.

The United States Navy.

We have often wondered at the apathy with which Congress has exhibited rejecting an increase of our Navy, when it is well known that nothing would be more generally popular than such a step. Nation, however, is ever short-sighted; and for years faction has convulsed Congress. President making has been apparently the sole aim of both parties in our National Legislature, and with few exceptions every act adopted there has been passed with the expectation that it would have some influence bearing on the success of some favorite candidate. In short, patriotism has been almost exiled from Washington. In no wonder, therefore, that the Navy—that right arm of our defence, as it is proudly called—should have been neglected. How long shall these things be?

Our Navy is, we regret to say, scarcely sufficient to protect our commerce; and in comparison with the navies of other countries it ranks most despicably so. We have cut the following statement from the Pensacola Gazette, containing our present force in ships of war. The table fully establishes our position that the Navy is too small. The statement was furnished by a U. S. Naval Officer.

Ships of the Line.			
Name	Guns	Name	Guns
Franklin	74	Alabama	90
Washington	74	Vermont	80
Columbus	74	Pennsylvania	130
Ohio	80	Pennsylvania	130
North Carolina	80	Total 10.	
Delaware	74		
Frigates.			Total 1.
Frigates of the First Class.			
United States	44	Cumberland	44
Constitution	44	Saloine	44
Guerriere	44	Savannah	44
Java	44	Raritan	44
Potomac	44	Columbia	44
Brandywine	44	St. Lawrence	44
Hudson	44	Congress	44
Sumter	44	Total 15.	
Frigates of the Second Class.			
Constellation	36	Total 1.	
Macedonian	36		
Sloops of War of the First Class.			
John Adams	20	Fairfield	20
Boston	20	Vandalia	20
Lexington	20	St. Louis	20
Vincennes	20	Concord	20
Warren	20	Falmouth	20
Natchez	20	Levant	19
Falmouth	20	Total 12.	
Sloops of War of the Second Class.			
Erie	18	Peacock	19
Ontario	18	Preble	18
Sloops of War of the Third Class.			
Decatur	16	Marion	16
Preble	16	Dale	16
Yorktown	16	Total 5.	
Brigs and Brigantines.			
Dolphin	10	Truxtun	
Porpoise	10	Consort	
Boxer	10	Total 5.	
Schooners.			
Grampus	10	Water	
Shark	10	Otsego	
Enterprise	10	Flying Fish	
Experiment	10	Total 8.	
Flirt			
Steamers.			
Missouri	20	Fulmer	4
Mississippi	20	Total	4
Fulton	6		
Store Ships.			Total.
Relief		Total	1

Whole number of vessels, sixty-eight.

Three vessels, with few exceptions, mount many more guns than they are rated. The ships of the line, rated 74 to 130, mount from 80 to 140 guns. The Independence mans, is rated 74, and mounts 84 guns. Frigates of the first class, rated 44, mount 54 to 64 guns. The sloops of war of the first class, are rated 20, and mount 24 guns. The sloops of the third class mount the same number they are rated. The brigs, brigantines, and schooners, rated 10, mount 12 or 14 guns, and those marked without any rate, mount, if any, one, two, three or four.

How would this force cope with that of England or France of a war? That sovereign nation would be enabled to blockade every port we possess, from Maine to the New Orleans, without the power on our part of breaking through the blockade. It did so in the last war. Gallatin as our force was then not at sea, it is a lamentable fact that our shipping was, had, to them more than one, to watch out of the range of their shore guns. It was blockading force was blown off the coast, and if we mistake not, it was to enter each attempt that Com. Decatur was captured. Shall not the time be come? Ought not the second, if not the first, commercial power in the world, to have a navy worthy of her dignity? Let us be up gantly no longer. Let us like wise men, and in obedience to Washington's advice, prepare for war in time of peace.

American Consul Imprisoned.

Captain Merriman, of the brig Iris, arrived at this port from Matanzas, states that Nathaniel Cross, Esq. American Consul at that place, was imprisoned by order of the Governor General of Cuba, the day he sailed. Captain M. did not learn the cause of this extraordinary proceeding.

Sub-Treasury.

The Globe of Saturday evening says:—A message was received from the President of the United States, communicating that on the 13th inst. he had signed the bill for the repeal of the Independent Treasury.

Case of Miss Rogers.

Since our last article on the subject, the police, of New York has ordered into the examination of that fearful tragedy with something more of the proper spirit and energy. Several persons have been arrested and examined, but, thoroughly and manly fruitful, and with a fair prospect of success. During the week the Mayor has been engaged in taking depositions of the witnesses relating to this subject, but the testimony is to be suppressed for the present, in order to render it more effective if possible. This is as it should be. In the matter engaged of a criminal investigation, where the object is to detect the offenders, all the evidence should be secured, for the purpose then giving publicity to the evidence on hand. The guilty party or area takes the alarm.

The investigation of Dr. Clark, who remained the body when first discovered, is not, however, of this nature. Found a portion of it has, therefore, been suffered to be published. It is unavoidably indolent: too much so at least for our volumes. The substance of it is, that Mary Rogers left home between 8 and 9 o'clock on Sunday, and then wandered. Of this fact there can be no doubt. It increases accordingly the chances of discovery, for, the longer she was out, the more probable and better her accomplices.

A man was seen in Hoboken on the day of the murder, by persons with a female answering the description of the victim. They appeared to be quarrelling. The man left New York the next day, but the evidence of these facts, a police officer was sent in pursuit of him. On Tuesday the officer returned to New York, having secured the services of a man who had been living about seven miles north of Worcester, on Sunday. He had been hovering about Worcester ever since he left the city, and was watched closely closely by the authorities of that place. He was taken into custody as he was in the act of receiving a letter, which was immediately opened, and found to have been written in New York, advising him to shave off his whiskers, and disguise himself as much as possible, as the police were on the look out for him.

We understand that he is the person seen in conference with Miss Rogers, at Hoboken, on Sunday, the 25th ultimo. He was then seen and recognised by a gentleman of this city, whose name we have, but do not think it requisite to mention. Immediately after the discovery of the body, this gentleman made inquiries, and ascertained that the prisoner had been city left the city.

He thereupon communicated of by letter as the person. The appearance of the prisoner were taken before the magistrates, and from one of them it was ascertained that he expected a letter. This letter was addressed to Boston, and although it bore no date or place of writing, intimations were drawn from it that the prisoner was expected in that city. Search was made for the letter, but was despatched, accompanied by the gentleman above referred to.

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Life Boat.

The catastrophe on Lake Erie has again called attention to the subject of life-preservers and life-boats. There seems to have been a criminal indifference to the latter hitherto. In every instance where life has been rescued, it has been through the agency of a life-preserver, and not from any deficiency of boats. The justice of the demand is conceded, but the expense is objected to. Ugsdale pity the better of a desire to mitigate suffering, and the ere of the drowning fellow-creature is silenced by the voice of the incorrigible economist. We are tired with urging an increase of precaution on shipboard for saving human life. The arguments become stale by repetition, and we shall now leave it to the next vessel disaster occurs upon the lakes or the ocean.

The Buffalo papers speak of a life-boat invulnerable wave and shot. The country which attends navigation. But will these repeated admonitions be regarded? Probably not, until the country is ashamed into inaction to share pretty hard bargain sometimes. For a short time back they have been acting upon the following plan of action high time. A vessel is wrecked, and the people looking acquaintance, who goes home and tells his wife that he has been cruising on the lakes, and perfectly secure, and from the effects of the shock which all had supposed had been comfortably fatal.

Hackmen's Roguery.

Our neighbor of the U. S. Gazette, has the following respecting this subject. "The Hackmen of New York are, it seems, better versed in the art and mystery of plundering than those of Philadelphia. It is true, they strive to share pretty hard bargains sometimes. For a short time back they have been acting upon the following plan of action high time. A vessel is wrecked, and the people looking acquaintance, who goes home and tells his wife that he has been cruising on the lakes, and perfectly secure, and from the effects of the shock which all had supposed had been comfortably fatal.

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On Thursday night last, a party of ruffians, supposed to be the same gentlemen who favored us with their company on the 4th of July, visited the house of Mayor and Police authorities. Our neighbors sometimes speak harshly of Philadelphia morals. Doubtless, we are liable to much censure, but we are sure that our citizens would never permit repeated outrages without the punishment of the perpetrators, as the above demonstrates that has yet taken place in our sister city. Rewards ought to be offered immediately for the arrest of the offenders. Immediately should be appointed by meetings held for the purpose, and the police officers should be made for the detection and punishment of these brutal and lawless outrages. French Row and West, and street fights in the Southwest, are deplorable things—but nothing equal to the acts of outrage committed by bands of organized villains with impunity, within the limits or vicinity of the metropolis of the Empire State. We have a spirit of indignation, and shall not an expression of public sentiment, with corresponding efforts, calculated in some degree at least, to show that the citizens would feel pleased and grateful to such and recent deeds as we have referred to.

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Piracy.

The Sag Harbor Corrector of Wednesday week has a long account of the seizure of the schooner Mary Pilot, of London, in December last, at the Chowry Islands, by the Malays. While the vessel was at anchor, a number of them came on board, and while they were loaded and taken possession of by the natives. The crew, which the second mate soon was also attacked at the same time; the mate, however, was on board, and two others were wounded. The others in the boat, and made off with the vessel, and after days fell in with a British transport, bound to China, which, however, went out of her way to the Chowry Islands, and on the 7th of January, 1841, the vessel was delivered to Mr. Mackenzie of New York, who was then at the Chowry Islands.

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The Elections.

The Election in Maine will come on shortly. We have, however, partial returns from several of the States, and more complete returns from others.

TEXAS.—Fifteen counties give Jones (Whig candidate for Governor) 16,832; Polk, (Opp.) 15,056. Hardeman in the same counties returned 16,021; Love, 14,915. Of the Legislature, which is considered a most important, as two U. S. Senators are to be elected, the following is given by the Nashville Register: 4 Whig Senators elected, a gain of one; two, Opposition elected. To the House, 10 Whigs, a gain of one, and 1 Opposition; the result is accurately doubtful.

INDIANA.—Thus far, the following is the result.

	Whig.	Dem.
Senate	10	10
House	39	39

KENTUCKY.—The Whigs have swept that State. Result so far

	Whig.	Dem.
Senate	21	17
House	45	10

ILLINOIS.—There is no doubt of the re-election of Governor Carlin by a large majority. The Democratic majority than any Democrat has returned there for many years past.

MISSOURI.—In St. Louis county there was an election held on the 1st and 2d inst. for Clerks of the several Courts and Recorder. The Whigs have succeeded in elected on party grounds, and there are several candidates in the field for each office. The first day's voting was the largest ever polled in that county. The Whig vote was being made by one or two Whig papers to give the contest a party cast on the second day.

Rev. John Breckenridge.

The many friends of this distinguished divine will learn with deep regret that he died on the residence of his mother, near Lexington, Ky. on the 4th inst. We find the following correspondence respecting the event in the Presbyterian—

It becomes our painful duty to announce that the Rev. Dr. John Breckenridge departed this life on the 4th instant, at the residence of his mother in Kentucky. Notwithstanding the most unfavorable reports we have recently received of the debilitated state of his health, we cherished the hope of his prolonged life. But it was otherwise determined in the counsels of God, and we unanimously bow to the dispensation. It was our privilege to enjoy much of the society of the deceased, and we greatly esteemed and loved him. It must be stated servant of Jesus Christ we have never known, and of him it is literally true, that he were himself up his unblemished and unwearing talent. He ceased to an high. We shall doubtless have an extended notice of the life and death of this eminently good man, to whose labors, we are sure, will be engaged an eulogical exploration of his country.

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The Veto Message.

As we inclined to think last week, the President has vetoed the bill for the relief of the creditors of the late Bank of the United States, in the shape of a Message. After the reading of the veto, slight hisses and applause were heard in the gallery, but they were soon quieted. Mr. Clay then moved that the subject be laid upon the table for the following day. A full account of all this, however, will be found in the Congressional News.

The Intelligencer has a column of remarks upon the Veto, expressing disappointment at the result, but urging upon the majority in Congress to act with calmness, moderation and patriotism. We agree with them, that other measures which they have before them. It also suggests that another attempt to get a Bank Bill passed will be made at the present session. We regard it a probability that the object will not be accomplished until the next. The Balloon also has an article upon the Veto, and after stating the President's objections, viz: "The unconstitutionality of the Bill: 2. The inexpediency of the 16th fundamental article of the 11th section: 3. The absence of all necessity to make local loans, as a means of transacting the Fiscal business of the Government," proceeds to say that the Constitution does not require the signature of the President to the bill, and that, therefore, the Veto is a mere nullity. It is simply a small cylinder and a small, and although it have no idea or place of writing, intimations were drawn from it that the prisoner was expected in that city. Search was made for the letter, but was despatched, accompanied by the gentleman above referred to.

Some time has arrived in New York. Meese has been fully identified by the gentleman who saw him at Hoboken on Sunday the 25th ult. Meese has been kept in close confinement since his arrest, and the conspiracy of gamblers, having frequently gambled himself. He is an intelligent man and one or two children on the 4th Ward of the city.

It is obvious that if Meese is guilty, he was not the only assassin of Miss Rogers, tragedy, as was evidenced by the Coroner's jury and Dr. Cook before the Mayor, clearly proves. Having him then in custody, it become the duty of the Police to ferret out its confederates in guilt, one of whom evidently is the writer of the letter to Meese at Boston, and who it is not improbable may be found. It is not to be expected, however, that Meese will make disclosures if he be guilty, but will repose his secrets with a firm fortitude, and compel them to collect their proof as they can, which the Mayor and Police magistrate Taylor are actively engaged in doing.

Life Boat.

The catastrophe on Lake Erie has again called attention to the subject of life-preservers and life-boats. There seems to have been a criminal indifference to the latter hitherto. In every instance where life has been rescued, it has been through the agency of a life-preserver, and not from any deficiency of boats. The justice of the demand is conceded, but the expense is objected to. Ugsdale pity the better of a desire to mitigate suffering, and the ere of the drowning fellow-creature is silenced by the voice of the incorrigible economist. We are tired with urging an increase of precaution on shipboard for saving human life. The arguments become stale by repetition, and we shall now leave it to the next vessel disaster occurs upon the lakes or the ocean.

The Buffalo papers speak of a life-boat invulnerable wave and shot. The country which attends navigation. But will these repeated admonitions be regarded? Probably not, until the country is ashamed into inaction to share pretty hard bargains sometimes. For a short time back they have been acting upon the following plan of action high time. A vessel is wrecked, and the people looking acquaintance, who goes home and tells his wife that he has been cruising on the lakes, and perfectly secure, and from the effects of the shock which all had supposed had been comfortably fatal.

Hackmen's Roguery.

Our neighbor of the U. S. Gazette, has the following respecting this subject. "The Hackmen of New York are, it seems, better versed in the art and mystery of plundering than those of Philadelphia. It is true, they strive to share pretty hard bargains sometimes. For a short time back they have been acting upon the following plan of action high time. A vessel is wrecked, and the people looking acquaintance, who goes home and tells his wife that he has been cruising on the lakes, and perfectly secure, and from the effects of the shock which all had supposed had been comfortably fatal.

Piracy.

The Sag Harbor Corrector of Wednesday week has a long account of the seizure of the schooner Mary Pilot, of London, in December last, at the Chowry Islands, by the Malays. While the vessel was at anchor, a number of them came on board, and while they were loaded and taken possession of by the natives. The crew, which the second mate soon was also attacked at the same time; the mate, however, was on board, and two others were wounded. The others in the boat, and made off with the vessel, and after days fell in with a British transport, bound to China, which, however, went out of her way to the Chowry Islands, and on the 7th of January, 1841, the vessel was delivered to Mr. Mackenzie of New York, who was then at the Chowry Islands.

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MESSAGE
OF THE
President of the United States,
TO
Both Branches of the Congress of the United States, August 9.

To the Senate of the United States.

The Veto, entitled "An act to incorporate the subscribers to the Fiscal Bank of the United States," which was signed by the Speaker of the House of Representatives with a sincere desire to confirm my action in regard to it. I felt that the two Houses of Congress, in the Constitution, it is made my duty, either to approve the bill by signing it, or to return it to the House in which it originated. I cannot conscientiously give my approval to the measure, and the constitutional duty required of me by the Constitution—to give my reasons for disapproving it.

The power of Congress to create a National Bank to operate per over the Union, has been a subject of dispute from the origin of our Government. Men most distinguished for their talents and patriotism, have been ranked in their opinions, and their patriotism, have been regard to it, entertained different and conflicting opinions. Repeated efforts to create a National Bank have been made, and have been defeated by the disapproval of another. The country has been and still is deeply interested in the settlement of this question. It has been followed

SATURDAY POST.

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Postmasters are requested to frust their letters addressed to us. The word "Post" is all we need on the letter.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, as we find it a difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and post pmal for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to an extra copy.

Remember most always state the Post-office *counsel from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

$\mathfrak{F}$ JOHN H THOMPSON, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Gentleman's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased

Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will be kind enough to call on him.

$\mathfrak{F}$ P. I. E. JAMES is our general travelling agent, assisted by G. H. P. SIMON and SETH T. STEWART. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

$\mathfrak{F}$ THOMAS SPARKS, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York. He is also authorized to receive Dr. Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us by settling their accounts with him.

$\mathfrak{F}$ C. W. JAMES of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorized to collect and receive new subscribers in that city, assisted by Messrs. Andrew Jones, H. M. Jones and M. Mercker.

$\mathfrak{F}$ J. C. EATON and I. F. EATON for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

$\mathfrak{F}$ W. A. FRANCIS, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey

$\mathfrak{F}$ R. H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON for Kentucky

$\mathfrak{F}$ R. M. SMITH is our travelling agent for Maryland and Delaware.

$\mathfrak{F}$ JACOB R. SNOWDEN, Esq. of Nassau, Pa. still continues to act as our agent for the city of Philadelphia.

$\mathfrak{F}$ THOMAS P. SMART is duly constituted an agent to receive new subscribers in Graham's Magazine for H. M. Jones and Mr. Mercker.

$\mathfrak{F}$ C. MORRIS, Esq. Postmaster of Boston, Mass will forward the names and subscription money of any of our eastern friends wishing to subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post.

$\mathfrak{F}$ O. D. DUDLEY, Esq. is our agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine at Norwich, Ohio.

$\mathfrak{F}$ T. TOMKINS for the New England States. Subscribers to whom he may call will oblige us by the above gentleman will please liquidate their accounts at once.

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Philadelphia.—We're altered from Farmers and Mechanics Bank, Wilmington, $10 Bill, vignette, Indians, and Commerce with anchor in the same. Filling up in blue ink. W. Patton, Jr. Cashier, J. Tagert, President. Vignette, a female holding a sheaf of wheat in hand, a cog, and left arm resting on an eagle. Engraved by Bowen & Gignoux, New York.

Bills altered from Farmers and Mechanics Bank, Burlington, W. T., letter A, payable at Philadelphia, and all of various dates. Vignette, a female spinning—on left margin, a female holding a cog in her right hand, and a sickle in her left hand. Engraved by Wattou & Hartley Boston & Hartley never engraved such a vignette.

Bank of Central New York Clinton, N. Y.—$5's, dated January 2, 1841, payable at Philadelphia. T. O. Green, Cashier, A. Thomas, President. The general appearance of the note is the same as the genuine.

Commercial Bank, Rochester, New York—10's with red back,—engraving correct, but the red back is not accurately done. H. Ely, President, and Thos. H. Rochester, Cashier. The notes are small letter and figure and on the word No. in the counterfeit, which is at the right of the vignette on the genuine note. On the counterfeit, burning in oil commences in the Cupid on the counterfeit bed, and now sweeps new notes without the red back.

The notes of the Thousands Island Bank, are now issued on deposit at the bank of Pennsylvania, and will continue to be received until the bank of Pennsylvania and the institution are exhausted.—*Bedwell's Reporter.*

TEXAS NOTES.—Asa Porter has instructed the Attorney for the Republic of Texas, to institute suits at law against all corporations not authorized to issue stock notes, after the 15th of September. All persons in the dominions known as engaged in the issue or introduction of the small notes of other States are also receive special attention from the Attorney General or his Deputies.

THE BANKS OF NEW YORK are talking of resuming specie on November next. There has been a conference among them, which has tended to accelerate this object.

Rates of Exchange.

By the Philadelphia Brokers' Board, for the week ending Thursday.

	Par	Prem sold for
$50 shares Vicksburg Bank		50
165 do. United States Bank	15	15½
100 do. Bk. of the Wt. & Mid.	20	20 3/8
75 do. Exchange Bank. Pitts		10½
50 do. North Americ. Insurance Co.		50
50 do. Wesling R. R.		19 3/8
50 do. Philadelphia & Trenton R. R.		43 3/8
50 do. Philada. & Trenton R. R.		50
50 do. Philadelphia Savings Fd. Co.		50
50 do. Life & Annuity		50
50 do. Commercial Bank.		40
50 do. Philadelphia Exchange.		47
50 do. Girard Bank.		87½
50 do. Girard Bank.		87½
1 do. Mechanics Bank.		100

Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11, 1841.

In the House of Representatives, the Speaker announced the names that he had appointed on the Post Office Department, in the room of Messrs. Cushman and Cowen, and the Committee for the new Post Office building. The following are the statements:

In 1839 there was appropriated,	$150,000 00
1840	100,000 00
1841	100,000 00
Total,	$350,000 00
Expended to this date,	278,265 56
Balance,	$71,434 44

Out of this balance there will be paid during the present week, a contract to the amount of $15,000, for materials furnished.

The foreign bill, as amended by the Senate, was reported from the Committee on Ways and Means, with other amendments, which was referred to the Committee of the whole.

After the disposal of several other matters of no general importance, the consideration of the Bankrupt Bill was taken up, and the question on the amendments of the whole. After some debate, at three o'clock, the committee rose without taking the question, and the House adjourned.

The Senate agreed to the amendments of the House, to the bill repealing the Sub-Treasury law, and it was the morning presented to the President for his signature. The amendments repeal the deposite act of the 23d and 14th sections, so that should the Bank bill be vetoed there will not be any legal depository of the public money, other than that of the Secretary of the Treasury. The Senate then resumed the debate on the Distribution bill.

WASHINGTON, August 12, 1841.

On Thursday, the Senate expended the day in the consideration of the Distribution bill, and the House of Nothing but talkee was done. In the House, an attempt was made to have the Bankrupt Bill taken out of committee yesterday, but it failed.

The amendments of the Senate to the bill making appropriations for the payment of navy pensions, were taken up, and concurred in, and the bill passed to a third bill.

Mr. Underwood, on leave, presented a memorial asking Congress to provide means for the payment of the awards made by the Commissioners appointed under the Convention between this country and Mexico.

Mr. Simonds presented the proceedings of a public meeting in Philadelphia, protesting against the measures of the present Congress.

After the disposal of several memorials, the consideration of the Bankrupt Bill was again resumed in committee of the whole, the question pending being on the motion of Mr. Grider to strike out the enacting clause. After four speeches of one hour each had been delivered, the committee rose without taking the question, and the House immediately adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13, 1841.

HOUSE.—On Friday the House did nothing worthy of note. The Bankrupt Bill was talked over, but nothing decided upon. The House stood over, for the purpose, to-day.

The Senate bill amending the Census Act was taken up, but the members got tired of it, and adjourned. The House does not meet again till Monday.

In the Senate, quite a busy day. The bill distributing the proceeds of the public lands was debated, and then all its proposed amendments. The bill passed and adjourn, like the House, till Monday.

On Saturday the House met, and adjourn, and in the Senate no business of importance was transacted, the day being consumed in the debate on unimportant subjects.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16, 1841.

SENATE.—The Senate Chamber was crowded this morning in the expectation of the Bankrupt Bill coming up.

The Distribution and Pre-emption Bills came up as the regular order of the day.

An important amendment was proposed by Mr. Clay of Ala. upon which the votes stood nearly equal. It provided, there should be and remain in the Treasury a sum sufficient to meet the appropriations of the Government, supposing the revenue from Customs to be equal to that purpose. The object of the amendment was to defeat the bill by means of the Tariff, and to force it forward, and test millions breaks.

Mr. Bayard of Del. exposed the object and the effects of carrying it through.

Mr. Benton and Mr. Clay of Ala. defended the bill and amendment.

Bank Bill Info.—During the discussion (at twelve o'clock) the Private Secretary of the President appeared at the Bar of the House with the Bankrupt Bank Bill in one hand and the Message of the President in the other. The appearance of the Secretary excited some interest, and a breathless silence followed.

The message was placed in the hands of the President of the Senate, and the land bill laid upon the table, when a new order of things unexpectedly succeeded.

There was a disposition on the part of some one or more of the audience to give demonstrations of approbation or disapprobation at the course of the President when Mr. Benton met with feelings of immense excitement, and stood aloud that he had come to the Senate this morning expecting that the President of the United States would be re-elected by harsh rudiums. I knew he would, said Mr. Benton. "I felt it. I told my friends so. It is in his case just as I expected—and he is veto'd. Mr. B. concluded with a motion to arrest the offender.

Mr. Preston joined with Mr. Benton in a call for a *Sense of the touch*. He did not know the house, but supposed they had been heard by others.

Mr. Rives asked the Senator from Mo. to withdraw his motion. He was sure that he had heard no hisses, but that the Senator must have been misled. He hoped, therefore, that if they had been heard the Senate would be content with the expression of regret on the part of the Senate which had been given. If there had been any hisses, he was sure they did not appear applauded.

Mr. Linn said he had heard both the applause and the tokens of disapprobation. He believed it would have been much more extensive if it had not been interrupted.

Other Senators said they did not hear the hisses. Mr. Benton said in reply, I heard it; I came here to-day expecting to see an American President insulted by the Bank ruffians in the gallery. These Bank ruffians had been sent here, Mr. B. said, for this purpose, and his last question had been introduced here without some such result, continued Mr. B. and here or elsewhere I will not be insulted. I am insulted, continued Mr. B. in attempting to speaking the tone of the Senate in a matter so trifling.

Mr. Buchanan rose with great apparent solemnity.—"This is a very solemn and momentous occasion," he said "and distinguished as it is, but the same time I am bound to say it was neither long or loud. I hope the Senate will withdraw his motion, and that the matter will proceed to the business of the day."

Mr. Benton—I withdraw it, and hold my God. (Immense laughter.)

Mr. Buchanan—I had rather the Senator would withdraw, and then the important business of the day could be proceeded.

Mr. Benton said, it is true, as said by the Senator from Pennsylvania, that this is a solemn occasion—a very solemn occasion, indeed, when the H. M. Senate are to spending the time of the Senate in a matter so trifling.

Mr. King hoped the Senator would withdraw his motion, and proceed with the business of the day.

Mr. Benton shook his head.

Mr. Walker made an appeal to the Senator from Mo. to withdraw his motion, and to let the matter end where the man making them. (A great mistake, as the man was a friend of the Senator, and not himself—Ed. Post.) Mr. Walker was finally seconded by the Sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Hall, and Mr. Walker, in his full zeal and love for the salvation of the country by an overruling Providence, to the Senate, and the preservation of a masculine tone to the measure.

Mr. Benton withdrew his motion, and the drunken fellow in custody of the Sergeant-at-arms was discharged. This subject having been disposed of, Mr. Clay said, the Fiscal Bill before the Senate originated in this body, and was matured here. It was the child of the Senate, and is there, and sent to the Executive for his signature. It is unnatural to the Senate that it was charged that it is not my intention at this time to discuss the message. It would not comport with the dignity of the co-ordinate branch of the Government, and the course of the Senate. I rise for another purpose.

Mr. Clay then moved the printing of 6000 extra copies of the message, which was ordered.

The Senate then, on motion of Mr. Rives, then went into executive session.

Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, offered a resolution that the committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, be instructed to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the Postmaster General to establish, by contract, a line of mail steamboats between the mouth of the Ohio and the mouth of the Missouri rivers, and between the mouth of the Missouri and Council Bluffs, or such other point on the Missouri river as may be most convenient for the transportation of the mail to the Oregon territory.

The Census bill which was under consideration on Friday, was next considered. The bill finally passed to a third reading.

The discussion was then resumed upon the Bankrupt bill, and the question now next before the committee was come and reported, but came to no conclusion.

The House was, after a short time, disturbed by four successive cries, all of whom spoke very loudly upon the subject.

The discussion upon the Bill was closed on a speech of an hour by Mr. Rhett, in favor of the measure from Mr. Bayard.

Mr. Barnard of N. Y. moved that the Committee rise. Carried 79 to 59.

The House then went into the accounts of the Marshal of the District of Columbia, who attended at the request of the Heads of Departments, and the report of the Sec. to the President, to the end that an appropriation might be made. The accounts were referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. Wardwell of N. Y. presented a paper from the Secretary of the Navy, also, which was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, for the sum required for the expense of bringing the statue of Washington to the Navy Yard for transfer, and also for transportation on said ocean to the destination of the ship on which the said statue was shipped.

The Private Secretary of the President brought information to the House, that the President had signed the Bankrupt Bill.

The House adjourned soon after two o'clock—there being no other business of importance to be transacted after the reception of the President's Message.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17, 1841.

The mail contractors have now rest in peace, for a bill was passed this morning making appropriations for the Post Office Department to extricate it from existing difficulties. The Bankrupt Bill, on motion of Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky was laid on the table by a vote of 97 to 96.

Nothing else was done by the House after this, and sunday a general hour of surprise, an adjournment took place.

In the Senate the seats in both galleries were occupied by a large and fashionable audience. The hour was to be the last about the Bank bill.

After some debate about the British movements in the Oregon Territory, and the necessity of meeting them out, the hour of twelve arrived.

Here a general whisper was heard, of—I wonder who would speak first on the Bank bill?—Mr. Clay, I suppose.—But he is not in his seat.—Mr. Preston, perhaps.—Mr. Preston again postponed until to-morrow.

The bill providing for the distribution of the proceeds from the Public Lands, was next taken up as the order of the day.

General News.

TWO CITY.—To-day we are also of the rapid growth of Two City—a stranger to it would suppose that it must be upon the spot, and see with his own eyes the wonderful improvements that are going on there in brick and timber,—and hear for himself the noise of hammers and saws, and distinguish the sound of the steam engine, and that one will range between two and fifteen hundred, and the style of architecture is decidedly improved. The extensive and commodious buildings of the hotel, taking it altogether—the internal ones may more convenient. The Two City Hotel is a credit to the proprietor, and will be practically convenient with the best notified of contemporaries of the day.—*Ex.*

BISHOP HUGHES AT LOUISVILLE.—The following article from the Catholic Herald of Thursday week. The excitement caused on account of his reported imprisonment.

Two Italian missionaries, Rev. Mr. Tuvelli, for the diocese of Bardstown, from the Island of Sicily, and Rev. order of preachers for the diocese of Cincinnati, have been for the last week in this city. Mr. Tuvelli left last fall Rome in the middle of May, and saw Bishop Hughes in that city, and also in this city, where the Bishop had been all along in the enjoyment of perfect health.

ACCIDENT.—On Sunday evening, a young man very generally known, and esteemed by the one of the junior officers of the N. York Fire Department, was returning from one of the Hoboken Ferry Boats. The deceased missed his footing on the side of the boat, which was much crowded, when owing to some cause not explained, he was precipitated between the boat and the dock, in such a manner that one of the wheels must have struck him and caused instant death, as he was not seen afterwards. The body has not been recovered.

DROWNED.—On Saturday last Boston on Monday afternoon last—among her passengers to Donald McLeod, Esq., who goes Court of St. Petersburg. His stay there will be short, as Mr. McLeod will stop at Halifax, and others will be taken on board the ship. Her mail bags contained 1200 letters and the usual quantity of newspapers, magazines, &c. for the interior.

MISCELLANEOUS TIDINGS.—A Committee of the House on Distributive Items was appointed and the matter to be used in the construction of an Ocean Steamer, between Glasgow, Greenock and Washington, be submitted to the minority reported by the Hon. Mr. Garland Earle, of this city.

MEETING.—Large numbers of Mormonite are now on their way to the settlement in Hancock county, Illinois, and the settlement is rapidly increasing. Several churches are organized. The settlement is said to contain between ten and fifteen thousand souls.

WASHINGTON IRVING is said to be seriously ill, at his cottage, near Tarrytown. A consulting fellow from Philadelphia, and a surgeon from the city of New York, are in attendance on the case.

RUMMAGED.—Captain Hatter, who was dismissed from the Army for his disobedience of orders, has been rummaging the Pacific, and has made satisfactory explorations having been giving by him.

NAVAL.—The "Congress" frigate, launched the other day at Portsmouth, N. H. is to be commanded by Commodore Jones.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF RUSSIA.—At the close of the last year, the principal Universities of Russia contained 3,200 students, and the libraries 282,200 volumes.

ARREST AT HALIFAX.—A serious affray occurred at the Halifax Garrison Races on the 28th ult between the military and the sailors of H. M. S. Winchester.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN PENNA is now in good train. The candidates are Gen. Hamilton and Judge Barnard, and the contest is expected to be close.

CRIME IN NEW YORK.—The New York Courier says:—We may with truth say, that there is an increasing disinclination in the public mind at the inefficiency of the means used in this city, to detect crime, as well as in the administration of the law that should punish it. But a murder much since, a youth was murdered in mistaken, in a neighboring city, and the murderer is yet undiscovered. A few days ago a helpless female became the victim of some atrocious wretch, and little more than a week after the murder of the last, the same fiend committed. Robberies of an enormous magnitude are plundered by Combination Car, have been going on in our streets and its vicinity, not at any time making their appearance in sight of Police Office. It is said, however, that on Wednesday last they were under way standing down the river towards Manhattanville, and before the day the hostile squadrons will have a meeting.—Packet of July 31.

Since the running of the bi-daily, four hundred and fifty vessels have arrived at Buenos Ayres, of which one hundred and eighty-six sailed daily with the produce of this country, bound to the Brazils, Harbor, Havana, Valparaiso, France, Germany, Italy, Great Britain, &c.—The calculation is made to the 30th June.

The American brigantine Carter has been sold—she is now under the flag of Brazil and is called the Negro Chief.

There were one hundred and three merchant vessels at Buenos Ayres.

According to late accounts from the Interior the entire expulsion of the Unitarians with the exception of the forces of Lavalle and La Madrid is not likely to be realized. As the forces of the latter have retreated, the former dare not wander from their strong positions even to the neighborhood of the city, and entire quietude reigns in the vicinity. Rosas has been the supreme dictator of the Argentine Confederation already noticed, an entire squadron known by the designation of Cadets, has been formed, and had its uniforms and spare horses, to an advanced detachment commanded by Lieut. Col. Ramon Rosas. Rosas were the operations of the leaders alluded to more fortunate. A corvette of seven guns, commanded by Tucumano to Lavalle had been captured by the Governor of Corrientes, on the way to join the fleet of Brown.

A Montevideo privateer boat called the *Buenos Ayrean*, commanded by Capt. Rivero, has captured the Spanish brig of war *Constitucion*, of Malaga, on the 30th ult. The brig is supposed, for the purpose of becoming the sole proprietor, put arsenic into the water casks of the vessel, who partook freely of the drink on sufficient quantity, it is thought, to result ultimately in death. Six souls, though not a crew of ordinary size. An individual, named B. Franklin, is also implicated.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN NEW ORLEANS.—On the 6th a fire occurred in New Orleans in the drug store of Louis Massey, which destroyed six four story stores together with the dwelling of the friend of Mr. Massey. The names of the occupants were P. L. Massey, Taylor, Gaudens & Co., Andrews & Brothers, J. H. Woodruff, Wm. M. Beall, Kokoan, Abernathy & Hanna, Quarles, Smith & Co., and Mrs. Norfolk, the keeping of which property was owned by L. Bruiter, Shield, C. Morgan, and J. J. Jacobs, and is presumed to be fully insured. The loss is probably about $100,000—mostly insured.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT.—A young man named Ferris was assaulted on the night of the 4th inst. in a shot time since, in an office with Mr. J. Savage, of that place. Ferris had been employed by Mr. Savage, who was charged with defrauding him, and having heard that Savage had made complaint to the Justice, sought a meeting for the purpose of carving him. Pistols were drawn, and after Ferris had discharged two without effect, Savage shot him through the heart.

A DISTILLERY.—Count Bennet, a Spanish nobleman, has built a distillery in the neighborhood of Bardstown, in the Lack Ella, which vessel put into Hampton Roads. The Count has with him 30 Africans, who are to be free slaves (by domestic servants,) had some difficulty with the Collector at Norfolk, the property in question was imported into Virginia being prohibited by law under the Constitution, but giving the requisite bonds, the servants were released.

A LEGACY TO HONOR.—An affair of honor between two gentlemen of Mississippi, one named the Independent, who fell in the duel. Colored. 6a 9 Stamp Tongue, dec. 18a30 Vinl. 6a 9 Sugar, dec. 6a 7 Lamb, per qr. 12½a18¾ Soaps, dec. 6a 8 Pork (mess) per b. 6a 6¼ Spanish, new, 6a 8 Pork (mess) do. 6a 8 Spanish, old, 6a 8 Pork (prime) do. 6a 6¼ Blood Pudding, 7a 8 Hams, (new), 6a 7 Sausages, do. 7a 8 Do. new, 4 pk. 5a 6 Beef (mess) per b. 6a 6¼ Beef's Tongue, 3a 4 Pickled, 30a36 Do. (prime) 4a 5 Mutton, 4a 5 Cornish, 30a36 Lard, 6a 7 Venison, 4a 5 Do. per doz. 12½a18¾ Pheasants, per pair, 37a50 Fowls, pair, 62a75 Partridges, do. 25a37 Geese, do. 75a1 00 Lime Beans, 12a17 Turkeys, 75a1 00 Potatoes, 4 pk. 37a50 Eggs, per doz. 12½a18¾ Whortleberries, 12a18 Butter, fresh, lb. 18a25 Cranberries, per bu. 75a1 00 Do. salted, 12½a18¾ Rye Flour, 4 pk. 50a62 Cheese, do. 12½a18¾ Do. Meal, 4 pk. 50a62 Walnuts, peck 50a70 Wheat, per bu. 1 00a1 12 Chestnuts, do. 50a62 Hominy, do. 50a62 Filberts, do. 50a62 Beans, per pt. 6a8 Hickory Nuts, do. 50a62 Peas, do. 6a8 Almonds, lb. 12½a18¾ Rice, do. 6a8 Brazil Nuts, do. 12½a18¾ Barley, do. 6a8 Pecan Nuts, do. 12½a18¾ Oats, do. 6a8 Chestnuts, do. 12½a18¾ Buckwheat, do. 6a8 Filberts, do. 12½a18¾ Onions, do. 6a8 Walnuts, do. 12½a18¾ Apples, dried, 4 pk. 37a50 Hickory Nuts, do. 12½a18¾ Do. green, do. 37a50 Almonds, do. 12½a18¾ Peaches, do. 37a50 Brazil Nuts, do. 12½a18¾ Pecan Nuts, do. 12½a18¾ Chestnuts, do. 12½a18¾ Filberts, do. 12½a18¾ Walnuts, do. 12½a18¾ Hickory Nuts, do. 12½a18¾ Almonds, do. 12½a18¾

very gratifying. And on the part of the females you shall see as many evidences of good-handedness and real modesty united as under any feed that ever sprung, and true sympathies, are of no ordinary grade, of judicious style of life.

But there must be a desire for the young, and there are cards for the more ardent; and then again, to a supper or preface, with the best grace, and food, and good pantyne, it is said been the sole need cooked in the house that day. The poster and his company subject the wine and dinner, complete all together with all parties, and are both be paid, till it goes into; and they leave some of them in the house under to get, perhaps on a pitch-fork night, through to-ways, and with roads not to be boasted of. All at once, however, up the the next to go, for there wives who asked and looked with inquiring eyes in vain, now more thereabouts cloaked and bestowed, and the carriages are heard with grinding wheels at the door. There is a boisterous shaking of hands, a noise of invitations to come and do likewise, given to those encountered, and they assent and away! When you see the blackness of the night, and consider that they have not eschewed good liquor, and perceive in what a rare they drive away, you expect nothing else than to hear the next day, that they have dashed their vehicles to atoms against some post, or precipitated themselves into some gutter, all to boot. But you don't know their own capabilities, and are at home, safe and sound.

Such is a specimen of the festivities of what may be called the middle and substantial class of farmers; and the same thing holds, in degree, to the very lowest grade of them. The smallest house will keep you out the day the very best he has; he will spare nothing, on a holiday occasion; and his wife will prepare you with her couple slice of cayenne or cottage wine, with an empress-ernest, and a welcome that you feel in the heart is real, and a bestowal of a real pleasure to the officer.

SATURDAY POST.

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, of the current year, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now nearly, and we wish to start, uninterrupted by back bad cases. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together and see who shall first tire in the race. We shall and intend to run a splendid paper.

To Correspondents.

"E." will see his letter in next week's Post. We have consulted them in one or two particulars. If he sees cure, he will yet do something. Let him be of good heart.

"Cedar Rock," shall appear at an early date.

"To Mary" in St. Louis would say, "editorial" simple. Hear the love-sick swain.

I will cling to thee till death,
Let the fair there be dark or fair,
And no fancier my lonor loath,
I will breathe for thee a very prayer.

We never before knew that death and health thereof. But verily we learn something daily. After this we can believe the authors' assertion that his verses are ingenuous.

The "Eye and Battle" is accepted. The other article to which the author alludes, viz. The Return—is too short for publication. He will best advance his interest by suppressing it.

"Brutus's" tale will appear shortly. Many thanks.

"Arnold" cannot be allowed a place in our columns.

The United States Army.

We have often wondered at the small body which Congress has exhibited respecting an increase of our Navy, when it is well known that nothing would be more generally popular than such a step. Forts, however, is ever short-sighted, and for years faction has convulsed Congress. President making has been apparently the sole aim of both parties in our National Legislature, and with few exceptions every act adopted there has been passed with the expectation that it would increase or lose bearing on the success of some favorite candidate. In short, patriotism has been almost exiled from Washington. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Navy—our right arm of our defence, as it is proudly called—should have been neglected. How long shall these things be?

Our Navy is, we regret to say, entirely sufficient to protect our commerce; and in comparison with the navies of other countries it ranks quite insignificant. We have cut the following table from the the Peninsula Gazette, containing our present force in shape of war. The table fully establishes our position, that the Navy is too small. The *comparative* was furnished by a U. S. Naval Officer.

Ships of the Line.			
Name	Rate.	Name	Rate.
Franklin	74	Columbia	60
Washington	74	Vermont	60
Columbus	74	Virginia	90
Ohio	90	Pennsylvania	120
North Carolina	80	Total 10.	
Delaware	80		
Frigates.			
Independence	54	Total 1.	
Frigates of the First Class.			
United States	44	Cumberland	44
Constitution	44	Columbia	44
Guerriere	44	Savannah	44
Java	44	Potomac	44
Potomac	44	Columbia	44
Brandywine	44	St. Lawrence	44
Hudson	44	Congress	44
Sumter	44	Total 15.	
Frigates of the Second Class.			
Constellation	36	Total 1.	
Macedonian	36		
Sloops of War of the First Class.			
John Adams	20	Fairfield	20
Boston	20	Decatur	20
Lexington	20	St. Louis	20
Vincennes	20	Concord	20
Warren	20	Cyane	20
Vatchet	20	Levant	20
Falmouth	20	Total 13.	
Sloops of War of the Second Class.			
Erie	18	Peacock	18
Ontario	18	Hornet	18
Sloops of War of the Third Class.			
Decatur	16	Marion	16
Preble	16	Dale	16
Yorktown	16	Total 5.	
Brigs and Brigantines.			
Dolphin	10	Truxtun	
Porpoise	10	Consort	
Boxer	10	Total 3.	
Schooners.			
Grampus	10	Wave	
Shark	10	Otsego	
Enterprise	10	Flying Fish	
Experiment	10	Total 8.	
Pilot			
Steamers.			
Missouri	20	Poinsett	4
Mississippi	20	Total	4
Fulton	6		
Store Ship.			
Relief		Total	1

Whole number of vessels, sixty-eight.

From which few exceptions, cannot many more guns than they are rated. The sloops of the line, rated 74 to 120, mount from 80 to 140 guns. The frigates of the first class, rated 44, mount 54 guns. Frigates of the first class, rated 44, mount 54 to 44 guns. The sloops of war of the first class, are rated 20, and mount from 24 to 20 guns. Sloops of war of the second class, rated 18, mount 24 guns. The sloops of war of the third class mount the guns they are rated. The brigs, brigantines, and schooners, rated 10, mount 12 to 14 guns, and those marked without any rate, mount, if any, one, two, three or four.

How would the force of the with that of England in case of a war? That conjecture tables would be studied by blockade every port we have, from Portsmouth to New Orleans, without the power on our part of breaking through the blockade. It is of to the last war. Gallant as our force was when once at sea, it is a miserable fact that our shipyard was, had, in more cases than one, to march out of the ranges after a short action the blockading force was blown off the coast, and if we was take not, it was in some such attempt that Com. Decatur was captured. Shall not the people of English not the second, if not the first, contend, for the world, to have a navy worthy of her dignity? Let us be vigilantly no longer. Let us like wise men, and in obedience to Washington's advice, prepare for war in time of peace.

American Consul Imprisoned.

Captain Mortimer, of the brig Iris, arrived at the port from Matamoras, states that Nathaniel Cross, Esq., American Consul at that place, was imprisoned by order of the Governor General of Cuba, the day he sailed. Captain M. did not learn the cause of this extraordinary proceeding.

Sub-Treasury.

The Globe of Saturday evening says:—A message was received from the President of the United States, announcing that on the 13th inst. he had signed the bill for the repeal of the Independent Treasury.

Case of Miss Rogers.

Since our remarks on this subject last week, the police of New York has entered into the investigation of this fearful tragedy with something more of the proper spirit and zeal. It is now ascertained that the murder was premeditated, thoroughly and methodically, and with a full prospect of success. During the week the Mayor has been engaged in taking depositions of every character relating to this subject, but the testimony is to be suppressed for the present, in order that the guilty may not escape. This is as it should be. In the entire stage of a criminal investigation, when the object is to detect the offender, secrecy and caution are indispensable for that purpose than giving publicity to the evidence on hand. The guilty party at once takes the alarm.

The coroner's jury of Mr. Clark, who examined the body when first discovered, is not, however, of this nature, and a portion of it has, therefore, been ordered to be published. It is unnecessarily indecorous, too much so at least for our columns. The substance of it is, that Mary Rogers was brutally outraged, by face or more perpetrators, and then murdered. Of this fact there can be no doubt. It increases accordingly the chances of discovery, for, sooner or later, one of the perpetrators will betray his accomplices.

A man was seen in Hoboken on the day of the murder, in close conference with a female answering the description of the victim. They appeared to be quarrelling. The man left New York about 3 o'clock, and returned in the same facts, a police officer was sent in pursuit of him. On Tuesday the officer returned to New York, having examined the suspected person. His name is Phoenix, about seven miles north of Worcester, on Sunday. He had been hovering about Worcester ever since he left the city, and was watched pretty closely by the authorities of that place. He was taken into custody as he was in the act of receiving a letter, which was immediately opened, and found to have been written in New York, advising him to shave off his whiskers, and disguise himself as much as possible, as the police were on the look out for him.

We understand that he is the person seen in conversation with Miss Rogers on the day of her disappearance, Sunday, the 25th ultimo. He was then seen and recognised by a gentleman of that city, whose name we have, but do not think it requisite to mention. Immediately after the discovery of the body, this gentleman came to the city, and ascertained that the prisoner had hastily left the city.

He thereupon communicated all he knew to the police. The suspicious circumstances of the person were taken before the magistrates, and from one of them it was ascertained that he expected a letter. The letter was watched for and obtained, and found to have no date or place of writing, intimations were drawn from it that the prisoner fought to leave the country. Under this impression he was arrested, as described, accompanied by the gentleman above referred to.

Since the arrival in New York, Mouse has been fully identified by the gentleman who saw him at Hoboken on Sunday the 25th ult. Mouse has been long known as a very licentious man, and the evidence of guilt is now becoming fearfully gambled himself. He has an interesting wife and one or two children in the 8th Ward of the city.

It is obvious that if Mouse is guilty, he was not the sole actor in the deed. The evidence of this produced before the Coroner's jury and Dr. Cock before the Mayor clearly proves. Having him then in custody, it becomes the duty of the Police to ferret out his confederates, or his guilt, one of whom evidently is the writer of the letter to Mouse at Worcester, and which it is not improbable may be found. It is not to be expected, however, that Mouse will make disclosures if he be guilty, but will have his accusers with a firm mental, and compel them to collect their proof as they can, which the Mayor and Police magistrate Taylor are actively engaged in doing.

Life Boat.

The catastrophe on Lake Erie has again called attention to the subject of life preservers and life boats. There seems to have been a criminal indifference to the latter hitherto. In every instance where life has been sacrificed by the wholesale, a life boat would have saved many. Further, however, in the storm spoken of, in the demand is conceded, but the requisite of the men, and getting them to the shore is always a desperate undertaking. Cupidity gets the better of a desire to navigate sufficiently, and the eye of the drowning fellow-creature is silenced by the cravings of unsatisfactory avarice. We are tired with urging an increase of precaution on ship-board for saving human life. The arguments become stale by repetition, but yet there is no end to the list of this dreadful disaster occurs upon the lakes or the ocean.

The Buffalo papers speak of this unprofitable want of care and forethought in terms of unqualified reprobation. But will these repeated admonitions be regarded? Probably not, until the public voice is aroused to neglect to evaporation. The Buffalo Journal says that there is one thing which deserves the sharpest censure. A steam vessel has been taken off the Niagara river, abundantly proved that little or no reliance can be placed, on any emergency, upon the ordinary small boats carried by our steam vessels. They are generally of such a size, as, in the haste of lowering they get swamped, and they have not capacity enough to carry off the crew. Passengers that not indequently crowd the steamboats. Fannie's Life-boats should be promptly substituted. It would entail some additional expense, but if instead of laying out so many thousands upon mere gew-gaws, or splendid drapery or furniture, the money was expended in obtaining a supply of Life-boats adapted to every exigency, the public interests would be better promoted.

Life-preservers should also be provided, though these from the difficulty of inflating them, are less effective than is generally supposed. Sometimes they wholly fail of their purpose—they do not support the person who wears them, or come in case of false-alarm, from the attempt to use the life-preserver. We think it is Col. Jones who tells a story of a Talladega Indian, who, on the western waters, provided herself with a life-preserver, in case of emergency. The good woman was easily frightened, and, one night, when something was starting to the machinery, and half of the passengers, thinking the boiler about to explode, rushed on deck, the waisters, clothed in her night-dress, her hair dishevelled, and her life-preserver fastened around her, running and thrusting into the midst of the crowd, and as she held up the mouth of the tube by which her life-preserver was inflated, she screamed—How me up—will nobody blow me up? for God's sake blow me up."

The Elections.

The Election returns of the month come in slowly. We have, however, partial returns from several of the States, and more complete returns from others.

Tennessee.—Fifteen counties to hear (Whig candidate for Governor; 15,893; Polk, (Dpp.) 15,956. Harris (Whig) candidate for Congress elected 19,827; Van Buren, 14,913. Of the Legislature, which is considered the most important, as the U. S. Senators are to be elected, the following is given by the Knoxville Register. The Whig Senators elected, a good one, Dow Coppersion elected. To the House, 10 Whigs, a gain of one, and 1 Opposition. The result is the extremely doubtful. Indiana.—From the following to the result.

	Whig.	Dem.
Senate.	17	16
House.	40	60

Illinois.—The Whigs have reaps the Gain. Result so far.

	Whig.	Dem.
Senate.	7	11
House.	45	10

Illinois.—There is no doubt of the reelection of Gov. Reynolds [Dem.] by a majority of from 2,000 to 3,000 majority—the election was only for members of Congress. In the second district the contest was between Gov. Duncan and Gen. Anderson. (Opp.) In the third district, Stewart (Whig.) is probably elected. The whole vote in the State.

Alabama.—The Democrats have increased their majorities in both branches of the Legislature, and the State

SATURDAY POST.

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A DOLLY will please endorse their letters with their names and residence.

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Travelling Agents.

27 JOHN H. THOMPSON, Esq. of **Wheeling, Va.** has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Gazette, Saint Mary's Magazine in place of R. J. Gatewood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will be kind enough to call on him.

27 I. E. JAMES is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Snow and Seth T. Hyde. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by attending to them.

27 THOMAS STEVENS, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us, by settling their accounts with him.

27 C. W. EVANS is our agent for Ohio, Ohio, our old agent is still authorized to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, including the N. W. Lakes and Mr. Mercer.

27 R. C. FELTON and I. F. EASTON for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

27 W. L. PARKER, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

27 R. H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSTON for Kentucky.

27 R. M. SMITH is our travelling agent for Maryland and Delaware.

27 JACOB E. SCHNEIDER, Esq. of Nazareth, Pa. still continues to act as our agent for the Saturday Evening Post.

27 THOMAS P. SHEAR is duly constituted an agent to solicit and receive subscriptions for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine and the Saturday Evening Post.

27 Messrs. DAUGHADAY and Co. of **Boston, Mass.** will forward the names and subscription money of any of our readers friends wishing to subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post.

27 O. D. DUDLEY, Esq. is our agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine at **Norwalk, Ohio.**

27 L. TOBIAS for the New England States. Subscribers who wish to receive their papers, will please inquire of their accounts at once.

Financial Record.

For Counterfeits.

Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Philadelphia.—S's altered from Farmers and Mechanics Bank, Wisconsin, into R. of different shades, on the genuine Post and Genuine. Filling up in blue ink. W. Patten, Jr. Cashier, J. Tagart, President. Vignette of two females holding in right hand a cup, and left arm resting on an eagle. Engraved by Bechtel & Gobrecht, New York.

3's altered from Farmers and Mechanics Bank, Burlington, W. T. Boyd, Cashier. Of different persons, and of various dates. Vignette, a female spinning—on left margin, a female holding a cup—on the right and on ladies. Engraved by Burton & Gurley Burton & Gurley were employed by the Bank of Central New York, Utica, N. Y.—3's, dated January 1, 1841, on the 3. Cashier, T. G. Gere, Cashier, A. Thomas, President. The general appearance of the bill is bad, the letters broken.

Commercial Bank, Rochester, New York.—10's with red back—engraving coarse—the Engraver's name omitted. John. H. Ely, President, and Thos. H. Rochester, Cashier. They are exact duplicates of each other in all the said No. in the counterfeit, which is at the right of the vignette on the genuine note. The counterfeit is on bearing to the left—the genuine to the right. Executed, and now nearing new notes without the red back.

The notes of the Towanda Bank are also counterfeited on deposit at the bank of Pennsylvania, and will continue to be executed until the whole lodged at the bank or institution are exhausted.—*Redwood's Reporter.*

SMALL NOTES.—Gov. Porter has instructed the Attorney General Mr. Johnson—to commence suits forthwith against all corporations not authorized to issue small notes, after 10th of September, next. The Governor expresses himself as engaged in the issue of intimidation of the small notes of other States. Also reserves special attention from the Attorney General or his Deputies.

THE HAVRE DE NOW ORLEANS are talking of resuming specie on the first of next month. There are hopes that among them, which has tended to accelerate this object.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for
850 shares Vicksburg Bank	13½
165 do. United States Bank	13½@13¾
100 do. Wil. & Ber. R.	20@20¼
25 do. Exchange Bank, Pitts	40
25 do. Farmers' Insurance Co.	50
50 do. Reading R. R.	22
50 do. Phoenix Bank, Mon.	7
50 do. Fur. & Mechanics Bank	13@13¼
50 do. Penn. & Ohio R. R.	12
50 do. Susquehanna R. R.	7
10 do. Life & Annuity	20
5 do. Commercial Bank	10
5 do. Philadelphia Exchange.	47
4 do. Philadelphia Bank	13
4 do. Girard Bank.	87½
7 do. Mechanics Bank.	26½

Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11, 1841.

In the House of Representatives, a bill for an appropriation was received from the Post Office Department, showing the amount of appropriations made or deficiencies for the new Post Office building. The following is the statement:

In 1839 there was appropriated,	$150,000 00
1840	125,000 00
1841	100,000 00
Total,	$375,000 00
Expended to this date,	323,585 56
Balance,	$51,414 44

Out of this balance there will be paid during the present month to the amount of $16,000, leaving a balance of $35,414 44 unexpended.

The bill, as amended by the Senate, was reported from the Committee on Ways and Means, with other amendments, which was referred to the Committee of the whole.

After the disposal of several other matters of no general importance, the consideration of the Bankrupt Bill from the Senate was resumed on the question of agreeing to the whole. After some debate, at three o'clock, the committee rose without taking the question, and the House adjourned.

The Senate agreed to the amendments of the House, to the bill declaring the 4th day of July, 1842, and it was this morning presented to the President for his signature.

The amendments repeal the duties on tea and coffee, and 14th sections, so that should the Bank bill be vetoed there will be now no legal impediment to the issue of money, other than that of the Secretary of the Treasury. The Senate then resumed the consideration of the Bankruptcy bill.

WASHINGTON, August 12, 1841.

On Thursday the Senate expended the day in the consideration of the Bankruptcy bill, and after not disposing of it, adjourned over to Monday.

Nothing but talking was done. In the House, an attempt was made to have the Bankruptcy bill taken out of committee yesterday, but it failed.

The amendments of the Senate to the bill making appropriations for the payment of navy pensions, were taken up, and concurred in—the bill, on the end of which left Rome on the middle of May, and not Bishop had been all along to the enjoyment of perfect health.

ACCIDENT.—On Sunday evening, a young man very genteelly dressed, and supposed to be one of the junior officers of the Navy, fell overboard and drowned in front of the Hookers Ferry Boats. The deceased was on the upper deck of the boat, which was very much crowded, when owing to some cause not explained, he fell overboard and passed astern of the boat, so that one of the wheels must have struck him and caused the injuries which he received. Every effort made for him has not been successful.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13, 1841.

HOUSE.—On Friday the House met at ten, almost. The Bankrupt Bill was talked over, but nothing decided upon. No time was fixed even for the debate to cease. The Senate bill amending the Census Act was taken up, but the members got tired of it, and left it to be taken over next session till Monday.

In the Senate quite a little was done. The bill distributing the proceeds of the public lands was debated, and that it will go through, is certain. The Bankrupt bill not adjourn, like the House, till Monday.

In the Senate, a bill to alter the time of the session, and in the Senate no business of importance was transacted, the day being consumed in idle debate upon unimportant subjects.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16, 1841.

SENATE.—The Senate Chamber was crowded this morning with expectation of the Veto message.

The Distribution and Pre-emption Bills came up as the regular order of the day.

An important amendment was proposed by Mr. Clay of Ala. upon which the vote will be taken to-day. It provided there should be and remain in the Treasury a net surplus equal to the expenditures of the Government, supposing the revenue from all sources to be equal to that purpose. The object of the amendment was to defeat the bill by keeping the money in the Treasury, and not millions besides.

Mr. Smith of Ind. expressed his regret and the effects of carrying it through.

Mr. Benton and Mr. Clay of Ala. defended the bill and amendment.

Mr. Smith of Ind.—During the discussion (at twelve o'clock) the Private Secretary of the President appeared at the Bar of the House with a Portal Bank Bill in one hand and the Message of the President in the other. The appearance of the Secretary excited some interest, and a breathless silence followed.

The message was placed in the hands of the President of the Senate, and the land bill laid upon the table, when a new order of things unexpectedly succeeded.

There was a disposition on the part of some one or more of the members to give demonstrations of approbation or disapprobation at the course of the President, when Mr. Benton rose with feelings of immense excitement, and cried aloud that he had come to the Senate this morning expecting that the President of the United States would be humbled by bank realities. I know he would, said Mr. Benton, "I felt it. I told my friends in Mo. I was sure just as I expected—I now see it realized." Mr. B. concluded with a motion to arrest the offender.

Mr. Preston joined with Mr. Benton in a call for a reference of the insult. He did not hear the biases, but supposed they had been heard by others.

Mr. Benton asked the Senator from Mo. to withdraw his motion. He was sure that he had heard no biases, but that the President intended him bad not. He begged, therefore, that if they had been heard the Senate would be content with the expression of opinion on the part of the Senate which had been given. If there had been biases heard, he was sure the sentiment of apology was not.

Mr. Linn said he had heard both the applause and the mixture of disapprobation. He believed it would have been much more extensive if it had not been interrupted.

Other Senators said they did not hear the biases. Mr. Benton said in reply, I heard it; I came here ready expecting to see an American President insulted by the Bank influence in the gallery. These Bank villains had been sent here, Mr. B. said, for this purpose, and no such question had been introduced here without some such insult, continued Mr. B. and here or elsewhere I will throttle the monster (great laughter,) until he is strangled.

Mr. Buchanan rose with great apparent solemnity.—This is a very solemn and momentous occasion," he said "I did not hear the biases, but the same thing is on hand to say it was nothing long or loud. I hope the Senate will proceed to business, and that the Senate will proceed to the business of the day.

Mr. Benton—I never will, so help me God. [Immense laughter.]

Mr. Buchanan—I had rather the Senator would withdraw, and then the important business of the day could be considered.

Mr. Merrick said, it is true, as said by the Senator from Pennsylvania, that this is a solemn occasion—a solemn and momentous occasion, but the duty of the Senate to speak the time of the Senate in a matter so unimportant.

Mr. King hoped the Senator would withdraw his motion and proceed to the business of the day.

Mr. Benton shook his head.

Mr. Merrick said he had seen the effect of bringing men to the bar of the Senate. It passed a very troublesome business.

Mr. Walker made an appeal to the Senator from Mo. to withdraw his motion. He had been at the Bar of the man making them. (A great mistake, as the man was not there.) He had been at the Bar of Mr. Lewis and Mr. Ritchie, and he had seen the effect of bringing a drunk. He was finally arrested by the Sergeant-at-arms.)

Mr. Walker, of Miss. said, it was for the sake of the salvation of the country by an overruling Providence, to which he was indebted for the appointment of a somewhat time.

Mr. Benton withdrew his motion, and the drunken fellow in custody of the Sergeant-at-arms was discharged.

Mr. Benton then introduced the Message, Mr. Clay said, the Fiscal Bill before the Senate originated in this body, and was sent to the House, where it had been amended in there, and sent to the Executive for his signature. It is returned to us with the objections of the President. It is not my intention at this time to discuss the message. It would not comport with the dignity of the executive branch of the Government, nor the gravity of the subject I vote for another purpose.

I have no doubt that the Senator with the exercise of Executive power, even if we did have the Constitution to back us, would not be willing to see the Land Distribution provides that not appearing a Bill, the President has ten days to consider it. Within ten days he has had the salvation of the country by an overruling Providence, to which he is indebted for the appointment of a somewhat time.

Mr. Benton withdrew his motion, and the drunken fellow in custody of the Sergeant-at-arms was discharged.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT.—A young man named Ferris was killed in Utica, and he went to the office of Justice Hall, and

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

From the London Athenæum.

The French Morning at Cawnpore.

It is where Canada's wooden stood.
Lit by the early dawn—
But from those depth of solitude
From Memnon's voice was gone!
Ere Time had hushed his lyre at last
Though still in marble pride
Ere woe his head's shadow cast
Upon the direst side.

There rose a sound on the still air
Like some far rushing stream,
An with these conquering eagles there
Was little leprosy—one.
They came where Time had lost its power
To touch on Theban walls,
But hung the bark of ages o'er
Her ivy-fronted halls.

And like deep voices from the Past,
The nations echoes woke—
Ay, all at once, the trumpet blast
Their joy and wonder spoke.
There were the tramp, the wave, the wire,
A nation's gathered might
But still might every heart aspire
To see that glorious sight.

Is one brief moment all forgot
Their crowned path of war,
Or, it might be, remembered not
The land of wars afar;
For long that other city's flame
Had o'er the evening shone—
How would she rise upon their dreams,
For ever cast and lone!

And what were the sleeping thoughts to her,
Their of those warrior men!
Were they of ancient Greece and power,
Or of the distant then?
Or did old Thebes upon the earth
The mightiest dwelling,
Is her dim silence shadow forth
The fate and future then?

None—none can tell. But morning light
A wondrous splendor shed,
And on their host of banners bright
And City of the Dead;
But they had but by the lonely Nile.
Where burns the Afar day
And the glory of by flame still
Has sounds—but where are they!

A Mystery solved.

Why the eyes of a portrait, which look directly at a spectator in front, do so seem to look at other persons, has remained without an explanation until lately. Dr. Wollaston offer ingeniously that the eye, therefore, when two objects are seen on the ground at different distances from us, in the same direction, one appears, and must be represented to be so, particular, as nearly directly over, so that a vertical plane from the eye, would pass through it, and since such line will be seen upright, however we move on one side, it follows that the ground be objects will still seem to be in a line with us, exactly as in the front view—assuming, as we have to turn in the same direction. In portraits the permanence of direction, with reference to the spectator, depends on the same principles. So the nose, drawn in front with its central line upright, continues directed to the spectator, though viewed obliquely; if the right side of the nose is represented, it must appear directed to the right of the spectator in all situations.

INFIDELITY.—Men are never infidels for the sake of infidelity. Infidelity—I use not the term reproachfully—has no chance of its own. There is no charm in shaking around us and there is much more pleasure than spring up in the morning—either and die or it is night. It is not pleasant to look up into the heavens, and see no spirit shining there —over the rich and flowering earth, and see no spirit blooming there—abroad upon a world of music, smell matter, and feel sometimes—alone. It is not pleasant to look upon the heavens as dispeopled of the gods, and the earth of men. To feel ourselves in the centre of a universal blank, with no soul to love, no spirit with to commune. I know well what is that sense of loneliness when reason over the man believer, the desolateness of soul under which he is oppressed, but I will not attempt to describe it.—*Brownson.*

TOUCH CARDOZA.—The reporter of the Boston Post tells the following story of a severe loser who was in the habit of causing home late at night and taking a cold bath, which his wife and family with used to set out on the table for him:—One night, beside the usual dish of cabbage and pork, she left a wash-bowl filled with cape in starch. The lamp had long been extinguished when the staggering pot returned home, and by mistake, when proceeding to satisfy his hunger, he stuck his fork into the wrong dish. He worked away at his mouthful of starch very patiently for some time, but finally, being unable to masticate them, he sang out to his wife—"Old woman where did you get your cabbage? I can't bite them strong, I can 'chew them.'" My gracious," replied the good lady, "if the stupid fellow ain't soaking up all my cape that I put in starch over night."

ROMANTIC INCIDENT.—A recent visitor in Paris describes the monument of a lady in the cemetery Pere la Chaise, concerning which there is quite a romantic incident. Her husband had a pet monkey of whose her remains that he might see it from his chamber window. Some grew round about the and attached his vane; he then erected it considerably that no object might intervene between the garden door of his desolation and his entering gran. Finally his night became damned by age, and the monument of his early love (which was dear to him than "any heart of living mould") failed from him as a vision. He then surrounded it with a gold cross that glittered in the sunbeam, and the dying gaze of the sad man rested upon the moon-light, and his last sigh was wafted by the breath of zephyrs as a rich tribute to the shrine of his devotedness.

GIRLS LITERARY.—The Boston Post published the following very explicit notice, and gives it a place in the editorial columns, on account of its literary merit.

This is to forbid the police, to trust my daughter Jane nothing on my accounts, as I will not pay me anything for her.

T. CHRISTMAS.

Mr. Christmas is a ripe scholar, and his composition is quite a prize essay in comparison with his cousin.

Last a theatre between the hi-rode and the tavern writer my name on it. Eny person finden the theatre shall be suitable rewarded by leven a at my store.

NEWBERRY PRATT.

Verily, the "Schoolmaster" must have been "abroad" when those gentlemen received their "edducation."

Epitaph on a Knitter.

Respected in pace
Here lies to death mouse.
A hapless young knave,
To consider here cross is the dust
Oh, sad a loud tragic.
It might have been stronger,
And dust somewhat wider we trust
Had it given us up to our fate
Then more a ten would
Have measured at the deepest of we
Let the curious be drawn less
We hope it for gone to
The land to which other care go

A NEW NAME FOR DARWIN.—"What you doin' dar, Pete?—digging for?" said Sam Johnson to his much-respected friend Pete Gumbo, yesterday, who was making certain geological excavations, or, commonly speaking, trying to burrow in the name of a garden, as a channel for carrying off the water in winter.

"Look hen, Sam," said Pete—"I knows as how white folks calls 'em hooks, but I calls 'em worms, myself—'cause 'yam 'yam 'em!"

"Dis or diggin' is de vulgar 'cepation of de terrers, I 'low, but I calls it '*ectopia de not'ral* sources ob de country."

PASSING OF LOVE.—A man was arrested in New Orleans the other day under the follow-ing circumstances:—He committed several acts in the early part of the day which showed him to be laboring under an aberration of mind. The police kept an eye on him, and finding that about noon he went to the Parish Court and made application for a marriage license, their suspicions were confirmed for they concluded that no stranger proof of his insanity could be adduced than this act.

A FACT.—MR. BROWN, I wish you'd save up my trousers, as they won't keep coming down; the buttons keep jumping off so."

"Why don't you get your mother to do it for you, Jemmy?"

"Oh! cos she can't, she's gone to the Saving Circle."

A USEFUL LESSON.—To-day is sun, on the Fourth of July, boasting of his freedom, and celebrating the birth-day of his independence, and yet know him to be detained and humiliated by a prisoner. He bottoms on his seal and a padlock on his lips, is to have shelter on, what is too often seen, a *real lunatic.*

A CLEAR EXPOSITION.—Are you the regulator judge?" Ah, that's what I wanted. My father died detested and left his infant sorrowful. I am the child! I've come to take out some alphabet letters of confiscation, to diminish the state as soon as possible.

BEER FLIES A GOING.—A gentleman calling on a witty Britain Council on a rainy evening, complained that his shoes had admitted the water, "I am surprised, sir," said the representative of his country, "that your shoes should be leaky when you had *beer pumps* agoing."

GRIEVE.—There is a young lad down east who learns so rapidly that his friends have to keep pouring water on his head, to prevent him from catching fire.

Mickey Free's Scrape.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HARRY LORREQUER."

Among the light divisions, which, under the command of Cuesta, I have pointed out the right of the Agnada, the whole of our army occupied the country from El Rodeo to Lugbrey; the fourth division being stationed at Lucente Gonzalez, where some extremely beautiful scenery was hastily thrown up.

To this position Lord Wellington resolved upon advancing in a different line, more worthy of its strength and our capability of defence than the direct road, which led to Almendo upon the Cua. Of the enemy's intentions we had long ago remain in doubt; for, on the morning of the 26th, a strong body were seen descending from their and the Cuesta Rodrigo, and cautiously reconnoitering the banks of the Agranda. Far in the distance several long trains of wagons, bullock-cars, and loaded mules were seen winding their slow length along, accompanied by several squadrons of dragoons.

Their progress was slow, but, as evening fell, they entered the gates of the fortress, and the cheering of the garrison mixing with the strains of martial music, burst from distances, reached us where we lay upon the far-off heights of El Bodon. So long as the light lasted, we could perceive fresh troops arriving; and even when the darkness came on, we could detect the glare of the re-inforcing columns, by the bright watch-fires that glanced along the plain.

By daybreak we were under arms, anxiously watching for the appearance of the enemy, who soon became no longer dubious. Twenty-five squadrons of cavalry, supported by a whole division of infantry, were seen to debile along the great road from Ciudad Rodrigo, to Gurmilde. Another column equally numerous and splendid strength from Almendo; nothing could be more beautiful, nothing more martial than their appearance; emerging as from a mountain-gorge, they wound along the narrow road, and appeared upon the bridge of the Agranda, just as the morning sun was bursting forth; his bright beams flinging their full splendor upon their long and glittering equipments, they shone in their panoply like the gay troops of some ancient tournament. The lancers of Berg, distinguished by their scarlet dolmans and gorgeous trappings, were followed by the guard, who, upon their showy chargers, and headed by a cheval, their bright steel helmets and light blue dolmans, their white Andrews burst forth into magnificent apostrophe—

"Te, repere imperio posulare, Romane memento."

he prescribed, however, that they should unexpectedly rope and breast, but worthy, in principle, of the Roman empire. Their line of march lay in a long and circuitous route, to the upper and less shoaly part of his chariot. It is true, that recent occurrences in the other Hemisphere have tended to show, that here our eyes, of which my readers have been informed, and that there are yet some eyes, for which the brilliancy of sunshine has no charms, was very unmeet increasing in the neighborhood of Paris, which the same nature of the ground, and the necessity of forming into columns of attack. Nine battalions of infantry moved up to their support, and, forming square, received the charge of the cavalry, who broke like to all the manœuvres of a review with the most admirable precision and rapidity; but from them our attention was soon taken by a brilliant display upon our left. Here, emerging from a wood, we beheld the Agnada, were now to be seen the gorgeous Polish lancers, and upon the left of all, with their crowned head upon the vane of the arrow, the Imperial guard. Can Napoleon be there? now I feel they cannot. Their line of march in two columns emerged from the wood, and, deploying as they came, poured forth a torrent of lance-pennons, that might tale flowed on, and, before noon, a force of sixty thousand men was collected in the plain of Agranda.

I was not long to remain an unoccupied spectator of this splendid display; for I was soon sent down to move down with my squadron to the support of the advanced pickets, which were now engaged at the base of the hill. The order at the moment was delivered to Sergeant Cassidy, who mounted upon a back pony, on which I had ridden over from Cuesta's division early in the morning, and I soon found myself at the head of my squadron, which, at this time, had entered Mike to follow with my horse. There was no time for delay, the enemy's cavalry moved up, and, as I was about to join them, I observed Mickey Free coming down the slope in the direction of the skirmishers.

The position we occupied was singularly favorable for our defence; our flanks protected by a wood, we could only be assailed in front; and here, as I anticipated, the enemy's cavalry, as soon as they steadily assailed the attack. As I rode from out the thick wood I could not help feeling a sensation of wonder which greeted me. Instead of the usual noise and murmuring between the mutineers and which prevails in a cavalry advance—not of laughter shook the entire division, while exclamations burst from every side of—"Look at him now!"—"they have him!"—hey hemeens they have him!"—"Well done!"—"Bravo!"—"Look at fellow rides!"—"He's hit!—he's hit!"—"No, he's not!"—"Yes, he is!"—"No, he's not!"

A loud cheer rent the air at this moment, and I endure the fronts of my squadron by a call of the skirmishers, and I found myself in the centre of this excitement. In the wide plain before me a Frenchman was seen, in the undress full dress of the Agnada, to advance at the top of his speed toward the British lines. As he came nearer, it was perceived that he was accompanied by a led horse, apparently with total disregard of the presence of his companion, who, with his sword sheathed, and his hand his rode three lancers, their lances couched, their horses at full speed, charged. It was instantaneous, and the excitement intense; for sometimes, as the Frenchman successively eluded or parried the fugitive, he would bend suddenly upon his saddle bow, and, seeming to take delight in the cruel pastime, while again, at others, with a loud cry of bold menace, rushed at his startups, he would press on, and, with a shake of the bridle, dash his horse's pacer, almost distance the enemy.

"That must be your uncle, Mickey Free; that must be your Irish grace," cried a brother officer. There was no answer, for Mickey was in the rear.

"I'll be hanged if he's not playing with them," cried Baker. "Look at him now!" "He's holding as that's more than than the Frenchmen are doing, for he's not thrown away his lance yet, and he has flung his trumpet to his back, and drawn his sabre."

A loud cheer burst from the French lines; the trumpeter was guessing at every stride. Mike had put into deep ground, and the horses would not go further. "Let the brown horse go!" let him go, can" shouted the dragoons, in broken English, mingle with my utmost might. But not so. Mike held firmly on, and, extricating himself by a fall from the at each stride, turning, from time to time, a glance at his pursuer, and at last, when the trumpeter of the French rode the trumpeter was beside him, he arm was uplifted, the sabre about to descend. A yell French side the trumpeter was beside him, he arm was uplifted, the sabre about to descend. A yell rang from the British lines, and with difficulty could the squadron be restrained. For above a minute the horses went their speed. Frenchman and Irishman laid his stroke until he could get a little in the front. My self-command and confidence had returned, if a word could have saved my poor fellow. I could not have spoken. I stood with my eyes fixed, my teeth set, and with a shake of the bridle, and a firmer pucker, almost distance the enemy.

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